THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D° 1[illegible] Franklin

JULY 13, 1907 5c. THE COPY

The Absent-Minded Goddess

By Robert W. Chambers

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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A Brief History

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest journal of any kind that is issued to-day from the American press. Its history may be traced back in a continuous, unbroken line to the days when young Benjamin Franklin edited and printed the old Pennsylvania Gazette. In nearly one hundred and eighty years there has been hardly a week—save only while the British army held Philadelphia and patriotic printers were in exile—when the magazine has not been issued.

During Christmas week, 1728, Samuel Keimer began its publication under the title of the Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette. In less than a year he sold it to Benjamin Franklin, who, on October 2, 1729, issued the first copy under the name of the Pennsylvania Gazette. Franklin sold his share in the magazine to David Hall, his partner, in 1765. In 1805 the grandson of David Hall became its publisher. When he died, in 1821, his partner, Samuel C. Atkinson, formed an alliance with Charles Alexander, and in the summer of that year they changed the title of the Gazette to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Next Number

Narcissus, the Near-Poet

By Annulet Andrews

Real poets are born, not made. But the near-poet is not governed by any previously known rules. At moments he is a fascinating butterfly—but at other moments he is a heartless poseur. In this remarkable story, of which the first installment will appear next week, the wife of a near-poet, by the aid of the author, gives us a narrative wherein such a man is seen at close range. The picture of Narcissus is in itself sufficiently startling; the narrative of his wife's experiences is absorbing fiction, and the presentation of the life of the pseudo-literary class is done with a fine sense of humor and satire.

Saving by a Plan

By John Mappelbeck

There are all sorts of ways of acquiring a fortune. Men with a special ability, or plenty of good luck, pile up their gold in a short time. But such men are admittedly the exceptions. How can the average man, with the average financial resources, lay by enough money either to carry out one of those cherished schemes which form the fabric of all our dreams, or else to retire from hard work at that time of life when hard work should cease? This is the problem that Mr. Mappelbeck has set himself to solve—and he has solved it by the method which he will set forth in these articles.

Among the other features of this issue which deserve particular mention are: The Prettiest Girl and The Homeliest Man, a delightful story by ELEANOR GATES; The Soldan's Navigator, a piece of fiction which is certain to attract unusual attention; and another of JOHN CORBIN'S able articles in the series, Which College for the Boy?—wherein the author tells of the advantages of the University of Chicago.

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The Mastery of the Pacific

SAN FRANCISCO—BY SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

San Francisco Avenue, Northwest from Atlas Building, One Year After its Destruction

From Merchants' Exchange Building, South, Over the Business Heart of San Francisco—One Year After the Fire

MOST of the San Franciscans thought the end of the world had come at the time of the earthquake, and some of them are sorry now it didn't. When a city undertakes its own physical and moral regeneration at the same time, the conditions arising are likely to get on the nerves, especially if those nerves are raw-edged from the frazzling they got during the catastrophe that preceded the work of rehabilitation. Those San Franciscans who remained among the ruins of their city—a good many of them ran away—have lived a terrible year. They have gone through several phases. The earthquake and the fire brought a leveling of all classes to a plane where every man was as good as every other man, and all were working for a common end—the salvation of some of the city—and all were bent on a common errand—to get something to eat. This developed into a brotherhood-of-man spirit that lasted a couple of months, but then gave way to the usual struggle of each one to get what another had. Then came the money spree due to the payment of the insurance, and after that the nervous, strained condition of the present time, when one industrial trial follows another, when the political sores of the city are being shown to the entire world, and when the triumphant, "We'll rebuild the city at once, greater and more glorious!" has changed to the apathetic, "We'll do what we can."

No person not actually in San Francisco at the time of the earthquake and fire will ever know the horror of it all; for the writer does not live who can write it, and never has lived. It is further beyond putting down on paper than a storm at sea, the majesty of the mountains or the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. Nor is there a painter who can paint it or a talker who can tell it. Those people who were there and lived it and had it seared into their brains and hearts carry their own pictures and their own impressions. They have no words to tell to others what they felt and saw, because there are no words that are adequate. Thus, it is not strange that an elemental disaster of such size and such terrors should have been followed by extraordinary municipal conditions. San Francisco is struggling with these conditions, through a series of melancholy nights and days of dirt and din and discomfort, but struggling with the sure hope that out of the chaos will come an achievement that will be as stupendous, in its way, as the disaster was that made it necessary.

A Philosophy that Always Looks Forward

THERE is a good deal of forced optimism in San Francisco and much natural pessimism, but the spirit generally is that whatever may come cannot be any worse than what has already arrived. After you beat a man over the head with a club for a certain length of time, continued beating comes to be a matter of indifference to the owner of the head. San Francisco has been bludgeoned so many ways that a few taps more or less cause no comment now. They say: "Oh, well, let it all come and we'll get rid of it all at once," which is a fair brand of philosophy when applied to the situation. When the street-car men strike and inconvenience everybody, after the telephone operators and the laundry workers and the brewers have struck, the San Franciscans walk over their broken pavements and take it as a matter of course. What difference does it make? When a man is as uncomfortable as he can be he cannot be any more uncomfortable than he is.

They treat the situation with a grim jocularity. If the waiters in the restaurant where they are at luncheon walk out during the meal, they wait on themselves and jest about it. They are indurated, case-hardened, calloused. Those who have been tried by fire do not worry about sparks. Many men mourn that the city is gone, that it cannot survive its political and economic and moral troubles that have followed or have been uncovered since its enormous physical undoing. These are the ones who have broken under the strain; not that the strain has not told on all, but that these are the weaker ones. The stronger have no such fears. They do not minimize their difficulties, nor do they exaggerate their accomplishments. They have a big job of work to do, and they intend to do it. It may be they will not do it as thoroughly as they should, but the outside critic has no right to demand perfection when he, himself, has no personal knowledge of the limitations that are operating in so many ways. It is well enough to say what San Francisco should do. Most San Franciscans will O. K. the specifications. What San Francisco can do is another proposition. Certainly, never in this country, and, probably, never in the world, have the people of a city been given so difficult a problem. If San Francisco makes seventy-five per cent. out of a possible hundred, the people will have come close to a miracle. If the city attains a hundred per cent. the miracle will have been done.

Four Square Miles of Utter Desolation

IF ALL of New York from Forty-second Street to the Battery, or all of Chicago inside the loop and for a couple of miles of adjoining territory outside, had been burned and shaken down, the people of those cities would be in somewhat similar case to the people of San Francisco, but not nearly in so desperate straits as the San Franciscans, because their outlying and untouched districts are greater in area than San Francisco's were. What San Francisco had to do was, first, to provide homes for the people and the businesses burned out, and, second, to rebuild four square miles of territory. What she had to do it with was one hundred and eighty-five million dollars in insurance money in addition to the money that was in the city, and what she had to contend with were the wilderness of wreckage and a difficult and almost impossible labor condition that arose immediately. There were a few months of expansion and exultation, then a sharp reaction and a new period of waiting to see what is coming out of it all.

A town cannot be burned down and left to live in, too; and San Francisco burned, melted, almost, for four square miles. Naturally, it is not comfortable in San Francisco. The streets have been cleared, in a measure, but no repaving has been done, except on some of the principal thoroughfares. The bulk of the ruins have been leveled. When you stand on one of the hills and look across the burned district, it gives the impression of one vast, low pile of broken bricks, with here and there a building in process of erection. There is much dust—dust that the afternoon winds take up and send in clouds across the waste places and down what were once the streets. It gives a curious sensation to ask a pedestrian where a building or section is and have him point across lots as he would on a farm, instead of telling you to go round so many corners and up and down so many squares.

The California Promotion Committee has issued a map showing the building permits granted in the burned section for the first year after the fire. The area is thickly dotted. Many buildings are up, and more are under way, but the whole thing seems to lack a coherent plan. Much of the building seems ill-advised, at present. What is coming out, of course, is a complete reconstruction of the burned district, and where there are brick-filled holes in the ground, where masses of twisted and half-melted iron mark the former buildings, there will be built new structures, better, probably, than those that were burned. Indeed, most of the buildings that have already been built are better than the places that were burned down. San Francisco before the fire was not imposing. There was much shabby wooden construction. What replaces it now, although it looks small and temporary because of the great spaces not touched as yet, is as good as what was destroyed.

When the insurance money began coming in the people became money-drunk. Nearly everybody who received an insurance payment looked on that money as so much clear gain. In most cases a man who owned a house did not figure that house as costing him anything; or at least, when he saw it destroyed, gave it up and was inclined to take the insurance money as manna from Heaven. If a man paid five thousand dollars for a house, in partial payments or installments, those payments, in the aggregate, did not impress him as that much money paid out. Anyhow, it had been paid, and here, as insurance, was a lump sum, cash in hand.

Cash in hand is fit for but one thing—the spending. After the insurance payments began San Francisco was the most prosperous place in the country. The people bought diamonds and silk dresses, and the restaurants flourished. They drank wine and went to the theatres and lived in princely fashion. Those were flush times. If the ruins had not been there, it would have seemed that San Francisco had suddenly become the home of as many millionaires as it had people. Then, too, there was a desire on the part of the people to replace what they had had. If a diamond ring had been lost, the first task of the insurance money was to get another. If a man had a set of rare books that the flames destroyed, he hurried around and bought another similar set. It was a glorious spree while it lasted. The stores had enormous stocks of expensive goods. The man who usually smoked five-cent cigars was not content with anything less than two-bit brands. All sorts of buildings were projected and started. People put up apartment hotels and houses in districts where the cars will not be running for two years, and stores where nobody will rent them, for they stand alone among the ruins. Apparently, there was no end to the money—but there was.

After the Money-Deluge

PRESENTLY the people woke up. They looked at their diamonds and their dresses and their rare books, and began to realize that, after the insurance money was spent, there would be nothing to replace it. The result was an immediate falling off in business and a hoarding by the people of what they had left. They became as careful of the remnants as they had been prodigal of the principal. Now the ugly fact stares them in the face that the continuation of the work of rebuilding must be done by outside capital. They have wasted much of their own, and they must create new conditions and abolish old ones, or that outside capital will not be invested.

Another feature of the first few months after the fire was the lavishness of the relief. Money poured into the city from all over the world and those with money in San Francisco contributed liberally. Every person who applied was given aid. It wasn't necessary to work, because a living could be had without work. A large number of professional refugees were developed. It is said that men and women came in from the outside to participate in the easy living. Men who have the good of the city at heart say the relief committees pauperized a great many persons who could have been at work, but who would not work so long as they could draw supplies. Of course, it is easy to look back and criticise. The men in charge of the relief urge that they could not make discriminations. Their duty was to feed and provide shelter for everybody who applied. There is probably right on both sides, but the contention that the ease with which help could be obtained kept many persons from work for a long time is undoubtedly true. Also, it added to the general period of boom. Money? Why, everybody had money. It was free as air, and air is pretty free in San Francisco.

The brotherhood-of-man idea was lovely while it lasted. Here they were, with the veneer of civilization scraped off by an epochal catastrophe, reduced to first principles, where the only things worth while were to get food, a place to sleep and to look out for the weaker ones. Men who had been millionaires worked with men who had never had more than a week's wages at a time. All were for the common good. It was ideal; but, sooner than might be expected, the common good didn't look so attractive. The old idea of individual good began to crop out again. Everybody was sorry for everybody else, but that sorrow did not keep a man from getting something better for himself than the next man had, if he could. They all got back to Nature, but they didn't stay any longer than they had to. It was not long before the old conditions prevailed. The brotherhood of man sickened and died. The theory was first-rate, but it was not possible to practice it after the first thrills had ceased.

Then came the reversal to the modern plan of life. It became a struggle of one man against another. Each person went out for himself. Each class got back in solid array against each other class.

What Fourteen Months Have Seen

TAKING all conditions into consideration, the visitor at this time is astounded that so much has been done in fourteen months. Building permits for more than $60,000,000 were issued during the year after the earthquake that ended on April 17, last. Many of these buildings are under way. Some of the streets are cleared. Most of the walls are down. When a city has been bruised and buffeted as San Francisco was, not much in the way of order can be expected in a year. Still, the appearance of the place appalls one who remembers the old city. San Franciscans look at the ruins, the dirt, abject desolation that is still so much in evidence, and say: "Poor, old San Francisco!" Poor, old San Francisco, indeed! For coupled with the physical part of it are other conditions that might make a loyal San Franciscan cry, even if the city were the old, carefree and joyous place.

The disaster made a labor crisis. Always a union town, when the work of rebuilding the city began the unions became stronger and dominated every line of work. Moreover, labor and politics had gone together in the city. The majority party was the labor party. This caused another crisis, which shall be told about later. Wages advanced enormously. Men in the building trades got more money for less work than they received anywhere else in the United States. Further than that, the work of reconstruction was constantly impeded by strikes in about every branch. The iron men struck and the mills were closed. The brewers, the plumbers, the laundry-workers, the telephone girls and the street-car men all went out.

The street-car strike was a last straw. There were many in the city who were opposed to unionism and in favor of making the city an open city, where union and non-union labor could get jobs from the same employer. The labor men were strongly intrenched. Most of the small merchants favored them. They had to. The inconvenience of wearing dirty linen, of not being able to telephone, and of having work on buildings impeded paled before stopping of the street cars. It is difficult to get about in the city. Not half the street-car lines have been put in commission as yet, but those that were running helped. Cabs are expensive, and it is necessary to buy an automobile to get a ride in it, almost. Nominally, the street-car men struck for eight hours and three dollars a day. That seems reasonable enough when it is considered that hod-carriers get five dollars a day. Certainly, a motorman or a conductor should earn as much as a hod-carrier. Still, the company refused to consider the demand, and the men went out. Leaving the merits of the controversy out of the question, the people were incensed at this strike because the street-railway company did more than any other organization in the city to clean up the streets. The company spent several million dollars on the work of removing débris, and when the first cars ran on Market Street after the fire, there was a general celebration.

The street-car strike brought matters to a supposed head. The men who are expending money in reconstructing the place got together and decided that something must be done to curb the demands of the union men. The situation was acute. The banks stopped loaning money for improvements. Many buildings stood half finished or partially finished, with no chance for completion until the atmosphere cleared. There was a movement in the Builders' Exchange to get together, make a scale of wages for a year or two years, issue it to the building trades and stand by it. If the men refused to work, they were to be locked out and the struggle was to be waged to the end. The Builders' Exchange met. There were many speeches showing that the only way to settle the question that is holding back the city is to grapple with it and keep hold until one side or the other wins. The speeches were defiant and fiery, but the resolutions finally adopted were conciliatory and a compromise. Since that time there has been a sort of an agreement.

The Root of the Labor Troubles

THE trouble with the labor situation in San Francisco is this: Down at the bottom of it all are men, who are not real labor men at all, who do not work, but who spend their time in agitation. The real, big labor men of the city realize the conditions and are willing to do the fair thing for both sides. So are the employers, but nothing can be done so long as these agitators are so strong. Their plan is simple and effective. They urge a strike for a certain concession. If they get that concession they immediately formulate a new set of demands and go at it again.

The cold, naked truth about the labor situation in San Francisco to-day is that the city will never regain her old place, will never get back to her old importance, never attain the power and prosperity that is rightfully hers, until this labor question is settled.

The graft disclosures astonished nobody who knew anything about San Francisco, much less the people of San Francisco themselves. They knew the municipal government was rotten. They knew it before they voted Schmitz and the present board of supervisors into office the last time. Still, they voted them in, and the crimes now being exposed are as much the people's crimes as the specific crimes of individuals. When that gang of self-confessed felons now holding office as supervisors was elected "every burglar-alarm in the city began to ring and has kept ringing ever since," to use the words of a man who has lived in the city all his life.

The people are amazed that the graft disclosed so far was so small. They thought more money had changed hands. The graft was not confined to the politicians. There were many merchants and many saloonkeepers and all sorts of people who had "special interests" they wanted protected, who had something they wanted to do that was not exactly legal, but may have been profitable, and they stood in with the men who would let them do it—for a consideration. "Yes," said a cigar clerk, "I voted for Schmitz, and so did all the fellows I know in the cigar stores. We had good, easy, loose times under Schmitz, and could pull off a trick without many questions being asked, if we paid the right people their bit."

That cigar clerk hit off pretty nearly the sentiment of the majority of people

(Concluded on Page 23)

PACIFIC OCEAN
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The Absent-Minded Goddess

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

I

IT WAS now generally known, in the Lenox Club, that Manners had suddenly discovered himself to be endowed with the uncanny power of influencing his fellow-beings through mental suggestion.

The strange experiences of Eric Kelvin, the amazing adventures of Dudley Todd, were now almost the sole topic of conversation in the club.

Outwardly the attitude and apparently the friendship of the club members had not changed toward Manners; inwardly he had become an object of fearful curiosity to them. And the awe of him continued.

When he entered a room abruptly an agreeable sensation of dread seized every man present.

When he punched the service button with the ferrule of his walking-stick dozens of eyes observed him furtively; when the ice tinkled in his glass, and the contents of the siphon fizzed in it, the more timid and callow members effervesced in sympathy.

Yet even the timid ones never became frightened enough to avoid Manners, and in the hearts of the bolder men grew a curiously delightful foreboding which became, at moments, a horrid sort of hope that Manners might practice his necromancy upon them, give them the dreaded mental absent treatment for their several shortcomings, and command for them a few more of the delicate and beautiful visions which he had summoned out of the vasty metropolitan deep as lovely life-comrades for Kelvin and Todd.

For those bidden to the wedding of Kelvin wandered back, stunned by the bride's young beauty. Those summoned to rejoice at the bridal feast of Todd returned to the club maddened with the hope that Manners might meddle with them; and, as a matter of fact, a deputation of five confirmed bachelors did actually approach him as he was in the act of consuming his cereal breakfast, with the bashful suggestion that he practice absent treatment on them while they were downtown, and guarantee them a bride apiece.

But Manners, sensitive on the subject, became angry, and the disconcerted deputation fled at his first word of rebuke, fearful that he might transform them into a bunch of something obnoxious, and entertaining in their secret souls no doubt of his ability to do so.

Manners had become sensitive on the subject of his unusual power. What he had done to Kelvin and his bride, and what they had done to him, had shaken him up. On the heels of that had come the dénouement of Todd's case with Billy West's sister; and although these two matters had fortunately left nobody miserable except himself, he remembered remorsefully the practices he had attempted upon others, and his curiosity as to what might happen to the attractive but unknown maidens whom he had treated mentally without their knowledge amounted at moments to a sort of terror.

Such a moment had come to him a day or two before as, according to his custom, he sat searching the columns of the newspapers for any reports of extraordinary or outrageous conduct on the part of hitherto decorous young women.

'And he had encountered a paragraph which disturbed him greatly—an account of the illogical behavior of a youthful orphan maiden, whose suddenly developed eccentricities were now the gossip of the Berkshires.

This paragraph he had carefully cut out, meaning to show it to young Stephen Gray, who had recently acquired a country place in the Berkshires near Lenox; and so when Gray arrived, and they met at the club for breakfast, Manners took occasion to produce the clipping and reread it to himself in the faint hope of persuading himself that he had no hand in the matter, and that, after all, he need not mention it to Gray. Yet, curiously enough, he was perfectly possessed to talk about it to somebody, and once more he lay back in his chair and, dropping his monocle from his eye, began to devour the quarter column of print, leaving his innocent cereal untasted.

Young Gray sipped his coffee and watched him. Manners had treated Gray experimentally, but he didn't know that Gray knew it. He had treated him for a conspicuous absence of artistic common-sense—Gray being in the sign and advertising business which covered town and country with the disfigurements of Glory Soap and Bylow's Baby Food.

As Manners had noticed no diminution of billboard atrocities in town, suburb or country, he began to believe that his mental suggestions to Gray had either failed or, like wireless messages, had gone astray and been intercepted by somebody for whom they were not intended; so, seeing no particular mental or physical improvement in Gray, he had not thought it necessary to confess to him.

Meanwhile Gray, putting two and two together, became suspicious that he had been one of Manners' victims. His sudden hatred for his own vandal business strengthened the suspicion; certainty settled upon him when he found himself the possessor of a farmhouse studio near Lenox and an unsuspected talent for art; and, amazed and, at times, furious with himself, he spent every spare moment in his new country studio, where he began to turn out landscapes in oils, marines in water-colors, statuettes in clay and wax and marble, at a rate calculated to alarm an Art Nouveau factory.

And meanwhile his advertising business was being rapidly ruined by his neglect of it, and a rival company was taking what remained of his business away from him.

But all these things he kept tucked away in the back of his head, making no sign to Manners or to anybody of what was happening. And every week or two he came to town to sell his pictures. In vain.

Now, he sat there, sipping his coffee at intervals, quietly interested in the growing uneasiness which was creeping over Manners' handsome features. And, as Manners read on, the conviction that he was responsible for what he was reading gripped him till he shuddered.

"Well," asked Gray, "is it the market that's upsetting your nerves?"

"Upsetting who?" demanded Manners with a start; then, attempting to recover his self possession, he leaned one elbow carelessly on the table and pretended to yawn.

"Your elbow's in your oatmeal," observed Gray coldly.

Confused and humiliated, Manners suffered a servant to remove the traces of mishap.

"William," said Gray curiously, "you are acting like a criminal in danger of detection. Besides, you look like one. What's the matter? What's that clipping?"

Suddenly guilt overcame Manners, and with it the instinctive and panicky determination to conceal his guilt by loquacity—to smother suspicion by actually inviting a discussion of his crime. A mad desire to talk about it overcame a cooler judgment; the scared and conscience-ridden malefactor was predominant in him, fascinated by the evil that he had wrought, terrified that it had been made public in print.

And even now, shocked as he had been by Gray's apparently innocent inquiry, Manners knew that he could not long have refrained from calling somebody's attention to the report in the newspapers; could not have resisted the mania to drag in the subject that haunted conscience.

"As a matter of fact," he said frankly, "I was a little upset by a very sad occurrence which I've been reading about in the paper. You know, Stephen, what a sensitive and sympathetic nature I have. Any misfortune that happens in the world affects me violently. It's foolish, it's unmanly, but—b-b-but——"

"Don't blubber," said Gray; "I can't understand what you're saying."

"I c-can't help it," repeated Manners, dashing the unmanly moisture from his monocle, "because I've just been reading the saddest paragraph in the p-p-paper ——"

He choked, adding with an effort: "It's about such a foolishness ——"

"A—*what?*"

"It's about a young girl—a certain Miss Valdes—of Lenox ——"

"Miss Valdes!"

"Y-yes. She lives up your way. You don't happen to know her, I hope ——?"

"Do you mean that very young girl—you don't mean Diana Valdes!" exclaimed Gray.

"Yes, I do."

"William! *What* has happened to her?" cried Gray, half rising to his feet in his excitement.

"Do you know her?"

"No—that is, I've seen her every summer for years! Ever since she was a child ——"

"Then, if that's all, you're making quite a hullabaloo," returned the other, taking refuge from his own growing alarm in the effrontery of bad temper. "I thought at least you must be engaged to her by the way you began jumping around the room."

He paused, but Gray made no observation; and, supposing he had squelched him, Manners went on:

"According to this newspaper, it would appear that Miss Valdes has been exhibiting symptoms of classical eccentricity—— What's the matter, Gray? Did anything sting you?"

"What symptoms?" demanded Gray, ignoring the question.

"Why," continued Manners, moistening his lips dry from increasing fright as he began to realize Gray's

personal interest in the affair, "she's got into the habit of going off by herself for days at a time; hiding herself in the fields and bushes and woods of her big country place there. You've heard that she has a huge and beautiful wooded estate ——"

"Yes; go on!"

"W-well, don't shout at me that way, Stephen."

"I'm not shouting. Besides, this dining-room is empty. Go on!"

"You *did* shout; and my nerves are not what they once were. . . . What are you glaring about? I'm going on, I tell you. Anybody'd think you were in love with her, fidgeting about like that! I know her as well as you do; I've never seen her, but Mrs. Kelvin knows her and has told me all about her. So don't get gay with me, Stephen."

And he waved the newspaper clipping and continued, sometimes quoting from the account, sometimes delivering a résumé of the affair in his own language:

"Her servants became very anxious over her repeated and prolonged disappearances, scouring the woods and hills of the estate for some trace of their beautiful mistress ——" And, turning a wavering eye on Gray: "What the deuce do you suppose they found out she was doing, Stephen?"

"Go on," responded Gray between his teeth, "or I'll hit you with the toast-rack!"

"I am. You're in a nasty temper this A. M. Well, then; Miss Valdes, it seems, has concluded to become a goddess ——"

"A *what?*"

"A goddess. Didn't you hear what I said? She insists that it is the only sane, wholesome and logical outdoor life to lead. And so she runs about the woods with only a bow and arrow, and a half-moon stuck in her hair ——"

"William!"

"Well, that's what the paper says," faltered Manners. "You can read it yourself, you unmannerly dub! That's what it says ——"

"Wearing only a b-b-bow and arrow and a crescent!" whimpered Gray, utterly unnerved.

"Na-aw! Who said that! She wears some drapery, of course, and sandals, and she chases the dappled deer. A Tribune reporter caught sight of her running like fury ——"

"Do you—does that fool newspaper mean to make us believe that the indolent, indifferent and statuesquely classical Miss Valdes goes racing over the Berkshires c-clad in cheesecloth and a crescent?"

"Sure thing," replied Manners despondently. "She's a changed girl; she tells people she's invented a new health idea, and she calls it the Olympian cure; and the way you do it is to go out with as little clothing on as possible, and chase everything that runs away from you."

"William!" cried Gray distractedly, "do you believe she has buzz-wheels? *Do* you?"

"Nonsense!" said Manners, paling; "it's only that she now prefers, in her leisure moments, to go bounding about like Diana instead of taking ornamental siestas in hammocks, or lolling about all day under a parti-colored sunshade. Here, read it yourself," he added, thrusting the newspaper clipping at Gray and employing his handkerchief to wipe the cold perspiration from his visage.

Gray took the clipping and read in horrified silence. Manners watched him, trying vainly the while to manage a roll and a cup of coffee. Both choked him; he couldn't eat; his appetite had vanished with his peace of mind in the certainty that this unfortunate girl was one of his hitherto unknown victims.

"What do you think about it?" asked Manners wretchedly.

"Think of it?" repeated Gray.

"Y-yes; what do *you* think makes her act like that? W-w-wheels?"

Gray turned red and his eyes began to look dangerous; but he said very calmly: "Nix for the wheels. If a girl wants to do the unconventional within the walls of her own estate, I think she might be allowed to without all this clamor in the newspapers."

"S-s-so do I," said Manners with a shiver. "I think so, too."

"If," continued Gray, "Miss Valdes wants to wear cheesecloth skirts and Grecian sandals and go about potting sparrows with a bow and arrow, why shouldn't she? The old Greek costume is far healthier and far more beautiful than the skirts and corsets of to-day. And, as for the archery practice, why not? It's fashionable to revive the quaint pastimes and sports of the past. They are taking up falconry in France; they ride the lists in the Cammargue; you've heard of the Marathon race, haven't you? And of the Olympian games, where they are hurling the discus again?"

"Certainly," nodded Manners hopefully "and even in the time of Nero they played Red Lion."

"Well, then," continued Gray. "It's probably quite natural and instinctive for Miss Valdes to revive in herself the charming and graceful pastimes of Diana." He paused, and fixed a withering eye upon Manners, who promptly began to tremble. "I say it is *probably* natural for Miss Valdes to do this. But if it isn't natural—if some confounded, impertinent, mischief-making, idle and wealthy young pup has ventured mentally to suggest to this innocent girl any such games and practices ——"

Manners, pale and astounded at the discovery of his guilt, pushed back his chair violently and rose to his feet prepared for fight.

"What's the matter with you?" demanded Gray. "Sit down!"

"D-d-do you c-care for her?"

"Ya-as," said Gray, "I do! Sit down or I'll attack you!"

"What are you g-going to do about it?" stammered Manners, dropping instinctively into the popular attitude of self-defense.

"William! William! I don't know what I am going to do about it. I want to do something primitive—throw everything on the table at you, for example—but I'm not going to; I want to run after you and, at the end of a savage and terrible chase, corner you and destroy you. But I'm not going to do that, either. As for delivering you to the police, what's the use? They wouldn't believe it of you. Wizard! Witch doctor! Conjurer ——"

"Besides, they might believe something queerer about *you*," retorted Manners with dignity. And, becoming irritated: "See here; I don't mind the names you call me, but, if you think of assaulting me, I'll fight with the fury of despair. Ask Todd. Besides, I'm horribly mortified and sorry for what I did to Miss Valdes ——"

"What's the good of being sorry and mortified?" demanded Gray, hammering on the table with doubled fist. "She's the most attractive girl I ever saw, and you've turned her into a side-show, and given her the ambitions of a spear carrier in the Black Crook!"

"But you said yourself that it was natural for her to act that way ——"

"*You* put her up to it! You voodoo doctor!"

"Well—what if I did? Isn't it fashionable to revive ancient sports and pastimes? Besides, what have I ever done to you to be injuriously described as a voodoo ——"

"You impudent dabbler in second-hand magic!" shouted Gray in impotent fury. "You've ruined my advertising and publicity business! That's what you've done to me! And you've turned me into a tenth-rate landscape painter! Even this club rejects my pictures as gifts ——"

"Were those awful daubs *yours?*" exclaimed Manners.

"Yes, they were! And I stood by and saw you laugh at them when the board of governors rejected them! And now you've taken a lovely, scarcely mature orphan maiden, celebrated in Lenox for her lazy repose, languid beauty and absent-minded indifference, and turned her into a classical tomboy, and set her racing madly about the backwoods like a demented white rabbit with the pip!"

Manners stared at him in horror, opened his mouth to deny everything; then, as though stunned, dropped both arms on the table and laid his head between them.

Gray gazed at him for a moment enraged, but after a while his visage softened.

"I don't mean to be too hard on you," he said. "What can we do about this matter?"

Manners moaned.

"Something's going to be done, of course," insisted Gray; "and you'd better begin! If you don't, I'll run at you!"

"I can't!" groaned Manners; "I don't know how to work it backward; I can't reverse mental suggestion. Great Heaven, man, if I could, don't you think I would? Do you think I'd let you go on painting those awful pictures? Do you think I'd permit this young girl to risk catching cold in her cheesecloth, buskins and crescent? I'd rather see Bylow's Baby Food frescoed all over the new public library than give you the contract to decorate it. I thought there was nothing worse than Glory Soap. There is; and you've produced it! I treated you for lack of artistic appreciation, expecting you to clear the Hudson Valley of your defacing billboards. But you immediately began to produce Fourth Avenue Corots, and your technique was not Fontainebleau but Bylow ——"

"Let up on my art," protested Gray, incensed. "It may not be good, but I like it. And I must say it's pretty shabby of you, William, to set me painting landscapes and then never even offer to buy one ——"

"Gray! I *can't* buy one of those things! I can't stand 'em ——"

"You've got to! You owe me something. My advertising business is utterly ruined. It's only fair that you create a market for my pictures. I tell you, Manners, you ought to begin collecting my landscapes for a private gallery of your own; that's the way to launch me; that's the way to create a public furore for my works. Let it be known widely that the wealthy and fashionable young connoisseur, William Manners, Esquire, has, with greatest difficulty, indefatigable patience and lavish expenditure of money, succeeded in collecting a hundred of my masterpieces ——"

"*Yours!!!*"

"Exactly," said Gray calmly. "That's how you can make partial reparation. I've got to go on painting; I can't help it as long as you are unable to reverse your mental treatment; and as long as I go on painting you ought to go on buying my pictures, unless you can create a healthy market for me. How else am I to live, now that you've ruined my sign business?"

Manners, very pale, mopped the starting perspiration from his forehead.

"It's horrible," he said under his breath. "The public will think I'm crazy ——"

"Not after you've bought a hundred or two of my pictures," said Gray cheerfully. "As soon as the public reads about it, I'll be all right. And, William, perhaps, you had better begin to acquire my works immediately. I've nearly thirty upstairs—the ones that the club wouldn't accept as a gift ——"

Manners convulsively covered his eyes with his hands.

"Be a man!" said Gray kindly. "Come upstairs and let me explain them to you. Begin by purchasing two or three. Easy does it. Get the habit. And by and by you may find it rather interesting to acquire 'em. They're not so bad to look at when you get accustomed to them. It's purely a matter of habit. *I* like them; I really do. Cheer up; you may come to care for them some day."

Manners lifted a haggard face.

"I—I suppose it's only fair," he said. "I didn't know I'd ruined your sign business, Stephen. If I have it's only decent for me to do what I can. H-how many pictures did you say you had left unsold?"

"They're all unsold," replied Gray. "I've simply got to sell some to make a living. Of course, if you feel the way you do, I hate to have you make a collection ——"

"I'll do it! I'll try my best to make you popular and fashionable if it's possible. I'll ask Kelvin and Todd and Billy West and Kelly Jones to buy 'em, too! I'll engage a press-agent for you. I'll do anything—only, you won't mind if I—I dispose of my gallery after you're famous, will you, Stephen? It would kill me to live very long with those things; it really would."

So it was arranged between them that a campaign be started immediately to alleviate the financial condition of Stephen Gray; and they adjourned to Gray's room to agree upon the plan and try to accustom Manners to the sight of the thirty pictures.

About noon they lunched together—that is, Stephen lunched, but it was empty form for Manners to sit at the table, as his mind was distracted with his dreadful responsibility for the classical antics of Miss Valdes, and also upset by an inspection of Gray's pictures.

"Awful, isn't it?" he repeated again and again to Gray. "Nobody will ever care to marry such a girl as that! She'll never find a man who can stand for that sort of thing. I—I suppose, in decency, I ought to go up there to Lenox and dress up in billygoat skins and pretend to be Pan, and offer to marry her ——"

"You don't have to," observed Gray coldly.

"But it's the only reparation I can make ——"

"*I'll* do any repairing necessary," said Gray firmly.

"*You?*"

"Certainly."

"What are you going to do? You probably won't be able to get near her if she's ranging the woods—unless you dress up like a faun or a water-nymph ——"

Gray dropped knife and fork. "Do you think so?" he asked, agitated.

"I'm afraid so. You see, when I noticed that indolent-eyed, languid young girl rolling past the club window in her victoria, I gave her a vigorous dose of mental persuasion. All the fuss and feathery furbelow and nonsense that decorated her I suggested that she shed in favor of classical simplicity. 'Go out and range the fragrant woods and fields!' I insisted. 'Kick off those French heels, and be as unconventional and free-limbed as Diana!' Oh, Stephen, I didn't mean to be literal! I didn't intend to have her act the way she's acting. I—my intentions were of the best—the purest, the most chaste —— Stephen, you know that Diana *was* chaste ——"

Gray gazed at his omelet. "She got stuck on Endymion," he observed gloomily. "See here, William, the thing for us to do is to go up there to the Berkshires, call upon Miss Valdes, confess frankly the horrible wrong you have done her ——"

"What good will it do?" demanded Manners, aghast. "I—I'm perfectly willing to endure her scorn and reproach and hatred, but all that won't prevent her from continuing to behave like a goddess ——"

"Don't you think so?"

"No, I don't. I don't know any antidote for what I've done. If I could reverse treatment I would, but I can't, and there are no anti-goddess pills that I ever heard of. Only cold weather can make her dress warmly again, I fear."

"Then," said Gray resolutely, "I'll marry her, anyway, if I can—if she'll have me. What do I care whether she chooses to roam free and untrammeled in a classical costume of cheesecloth when the weather permits? It will always be inside private grounds, and, besides, I, personally,

like Grecian costume and customs. Why not?—they're artistic, and as art is about all I live for now it will suit me perfectly. So I'm going up to Lenox to-night. And you must come, too."

"I don't want to," said Manners in a voice which approached a whimper.

"Oh, you've got to go to her and explain," insisted Gray. "It can do no harm, and it may, perhaps, do some good. So tell the valet to pack your suitcase and trunk. . . . After all, I'm not so very sorry you did this to us. If you hadn't I probably would never have gathered enough courage to ask Miss Valdes to marry a man who had only known her by sight for years, and whose business was as low-down as mine was. As it is, I think I can venture to ask her to consider the respectful advances of an artist——"

"D-don't let her see your pictures," muttered Manners.

"I most certainly shall," returned Gray, very haughtily. "I'll sail under no false oil-colors; I'll practice no deceptions. If she takes me she takes me with all my faults and pictures. She will know exactly what she's getting; she won't plunge blindly into matrimony. . . . And, William, I am wondering whether my pictures are as bad as they are painted? After all, you don't know everything, do you? Suppose, after all, I've been founding a new school which nobody yet appreciates or understands?"

"Perhaps," groaned Manners, collapsing in his chair.

II

ON A BEAUTIFUL summer afternoon two young men approached the great door of a stately country mansion a few miles from Lenox. Both young men carried suitcases. One wore a frock coat, silk hat, an old-fashioned string tie and a false beard.

To their formal inquiries the sepulchral servant at the door replied, in a voice like the sound of a half-gulped sob, that Miss Valdes was not at home.

"Might we see the park and the gardens?" inquired one of the young men. "I would like to have Doctor Manners become familiar with the—ah—environments——"

The butler said that visitors were permitted until five.

A parlormaid conducted them to the terrace. Her eyes were red as though she had been weeping. Another maid appeared and piloted them through the summer conservatories. *Her* eyes were red.

Then a gardener came to take them through the graperies; and *his* eyes were red.

"What's the matter with everybody?" ventured Gray at last.

"Doin's," said the gardener briefly.

The gardener's wife received them at her cottage door and conducted them through the celebrated vegetable garden. *She* had been weeping.

"I suppose," suggested Manners, wagging his big, false beard, "that you've been crying on account of the doin's, haven't you?"

"Y-yes," sniffed the woman; "but how do you know?"

"Friends of the family—physicians," muttered Gray. "I mean that I am not exactly, but this medical gentleman is old Doctor Manners——"

"Oh, sir!" broke in the woman, clasping her hands, "perhaps, you can tell me, then, if they have found my dear young mistress! We are all so frightened; Miss Valdes has been gone three days this time, and if she hadn't told us she'd dismiss us if we bothered her again we'd have went for the town constable and the fambly doctor."

Manners began to shake; Gray wagged his head.

"So she is still in the woods?" he asked gravely.

"Yes, sir, we suppose so—judging from the state of the pantry last night."

"Sad, very, very sad," he observed. "But old Doctor Manners and I are extremely hopeful—ah—I may say almost sanguine, that Miss Valdes may return this evening. That is why we are here; but you are not to say anything, do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are those the woods Miss Valdes usually haunts?"

"Sir?"

"Those umbrageous solitudes over there on the hill—is that where your mistress is accustomed to seclude herself?"

"She goes into them woods, doctor—yes, sir."

"Quite so. Thank you." And, turning gravely to Manners: "Now, doctor, if you are ready."

And very solemnly, arm in arm, the two young men set off across the fields, carrying their suitcases. The sun was hot; perspiration bedewed Manners' countenance.

"This beard and this accursed silk hat are fierce," he said, "and my black frock coat weighs tons. I don't think it is necessary for me to——"

"Yes, it is. You look the part. Besides, she'll be more likely to listen to you if you look like that. Do you remember what you are to say when you meet her?"

"Yes," said Manners sulkily; "I'm to say that I'm old Doctor Manners, specialist on all kinds of feminine fidgets, and that if she doesn't go back home and stop behaving like a goddess, I'll commit her to my sanatorium."

"Well, try to put it more medically, William. Whew! This shade is refreshing!"—as they entered the woods. "Isn't this stunning?—these fine old trees and rocks——"

Manners was down on all fours drinking out of a brook that came rippling through the woodland silence; and as he eagerly lapped up the icy water his silk hat fell off and danced roguishly away downstream. Gray brought it back.

"When we sight her," he said, "I'll hide, and you advance and try to reason with her; and if there's nothing doing then I'll put on these pink tights and the billygoat coat, and tie a ribbon across my forehead, and begin to play on my fife, and let her discover me by the brook."

"You ought to have had a reed pipe," said Manners doubtfully. But Gray seemed confident that his fife was just as classical. Besides, he could play Rally Around the Flag on the fife.

When Manners had drunk his fill and removed the icy drops that twinkled on his nose and on the point of his false beard, they moved forward, rapidly at first, then cautiously, listening, alert, wary as men ought to be who were liable at any moment to encounter a goddess in the next thicket.

"Any signs?" whispered Manners, picking up his silk hat which a young tree had playfully snatched from his head and deftly punctured.

"No; did you hear anything?" questioned Gray with trembling lips, peering forward.

Manners, after vainly attempting to smooth the nap of his hat, crammed it firmly on his head.

"She's probably camping along this brook somewhere," he said. "You find game along watercourses, and probably it's the same with goddesses. Hark!"

"Hark!" repeated Gray in a whisper.

Very far away a twig had snapped sharply; then the woodland silence fell over all—a stillness the more profound for the ceaseless sound of the shallow brook slipping swiftly over silver sands.

"Hush!" breathed Manners through his false beard, hand to ear, as though intent on listening to something off-stage. Gray glanced at him with artistic disapproval; the attitude was admirable, but the top-hat clashed with the background.

"It actually hurts me to look at you," he said. "Come on; I can't hear anybody making a noise like a goddess."

They stole stealthily forward, Indian file, Manners leading through the fragrant tangle and holding on his hat with one hand.

A rabbit, bouncing up and hopping noisily away over the dead leaves, almost paralyzed them; the thundering whir of a partridge halted them again with a shock.

"If—if those little creatures make all that noise," panted Manners, "w-what sort of an uproar do you suppose a scared goddess will make? She'll go off like a regiment of cavalry, I suppose——"

Not Knowing Whether He was Going to Receive a Blunt Arrow in the Neck, or a Civil Greeting

"S-s-st!" cautioned Gray, listening off-stage in his turn. A distant crashing sounded far in the dim forest depths, nearer, louder, suddenly lost, then startling in its distinctness.

"S-s-something's coming on a jump!" faltered Manners. "W-which way had we better run, Stephen?"

Before Gray could reply, a deer crossed the brook at full speed, flag up, and continued onward, taking most prodigious bounds into the leafy thickets beyond.

Manners recovered his speech after a second or two. "I just hate to be startled," he said fretfully. "Everything in Nature seems to delight in jarring you."

Gray, who had been watching a low wooded crest to the right, suddenly squatted behind a barrier of low fir trees.

"There she is!" he hissed. "She'll cross the brook above us, where that deer crossed! Quick, Manners! It's up to you to do what you can!"

Manners gaped vacantly at a swiftly speeding glimmer of white emerging from the distant foliage on the hill. Gray muttered: "Run upstream, idiot!" and gave him a violent shove; and Manners, following the direction in which he had been unceremoniously projected, crammed his silk hat over his ears and cantered on, suitcase in one hand, long, black coat flapping. And the next moment he saw the goddess in full chase.

She was a tall, lithe girl, clothed in the white, heavily plaited body-blouse and short skirt of the classical Grecian huntress. Arms and neck flashed like polished ivory, and above her big, gray eyes a heavy mass of bronze hair whipped the wind.

Hopping hopefully upstream, Manners emerged into view, and, as she caught sight of him, he attempted to bow; but that was a difficult matter while running, for his hat was jammed on hard.

The girl halted in a flash, eyes widening, scarlet lips parted; and as Manners wrenched off his hat with a conciliatory flourish, and dropped his suitcase, panting, she stood for an instant like a slender silver birch rooted among the shaggy giants of the pines.

Then a swift frown bent her delicate, straight brows inward; and she whipped an arrow from the quiver and fitted the nock to the string of the bent bow

"Good Heavens!" panted Manners; "you are not going to shoot, are you?"

"What are you doing in my woods?" she asked in a clear, menacing voice. "Are you a tramp?"

"I—I'm a doctor—old Doctor Manners."

"A *doctor?*"

"Certainly," said Manners, summoning all his dignity. "I have come here from New York, profoundly interested and moved by the pathological aspects of your evident condition——"

"What!"

"I say I have ventured to take a personal and scientific interest in you."

A bright flush mounted to her cheeks.

"This is abominable!" she said, stamping her sandaled foot. "If you please, you will instantly leave."

"If you insist," he said soothingly, "I will reluctantly do as you request. But first, Miss Valdes, it is absolutely important that I make plain to you in the interest of science and of humanity——"

"What do you mean?" she asked impatiently, moving a pace nearer.

"Miss Valdes, I am a physician. The mission of a physician in this sad world is sacred. Pathos and pathology are closely linked in a——"

"Pathos and pathology!" she repeated coldly. "Do you mean bathos and biology?" And, in swiftly mounting scorn and vexation: "I understand, I think. Some meddler has sent for you to interfere with me because I choose to amuse myself in my own fashion on my own estate. Please let me at once assure you that I am not in need of a physician——"

"You *are!*" said Manners firmly.

She flushed crimson. "I beg your pardon!"

"You *are*, Miss Valdes," he repeated. "It is only right that you should know that your present lamentable mode of life is not caused by any fault of your own. That is why I have come here to warn you—to admit—confess—that—that it is *my* fault."

She stared at him without a word.

"I did it," he said gloomily, "three months ago. It is a dreadful and humiliating confession for me to come here and make. I am perfectly overwhelmed with horror at myself. But, if there is any remedy at all for this classically mythological mania now obsessing you, it perhaps lies in my confession of guilt."

"Three months ago," she repeated; "I—I don't understand——"

"Three months ago," he said solemnly, "you were a perfectly ordinary girl—idle, luxurious, indifferent, vain, selfishly absorbed and physically and mentally indolent, with the intellect of a canary, and the ambition of a Persian kitten——"

"W-what!"

"Then," he continued, moving a little nearer to where she stood, "on an evil day I saw you, rolling along in your victoria on Fifth Avenue, all a-flutter with lace and furbelows and knickknacks and beribboned what-nots. What you were was perfectly apparent to me in your face and figure and attitude and dress. And I thought it a pity; and—and I fixed my eyes on you—and—and——"

"W-what?" she faltered.

"Changed you!" he said, still cautiously approaching her. "I concentrated upon you the powerful, intellectual batteries of my mind! I altered you by hurling after you wave after wave of mental suggestion. I willed that you become vigorous and active and athletic! I—unfortunately urged you to an emulation of the classical ladies of Greek mythology. I didn't mean to have you influenced so morally and literally, Miss Valdes——"

"*You* did *this* to *me!!!*"

"Alas!" he sighed, continuing his way toward her.

"To *me!!*"—gazing at him in slowly flushed wonder. "This insolence—this shame—— Stand still! Stand where you are!"

Suddenly the gray lightning flashed in her eyes; she whipped the arrow across the string, drew it to its head, and deliberately opened fire at him.

"Leave these woods!" she cried. "Leave instantly!" And a blunt arrow rapped him smartly across the ribs and rebounded rattling on the stones of the brook.

Manners grasped his suitcase and with one frantic bound cleared the brook. Blunted arrows rattled a lively

(Continued on Page 28)

FORGOTTEN STAGE LINES

What Happened When the Actor Missed His Cue and Lost His Courage

Mazeppa—Zip!

THE firstlings of my professional endeavor saw light at a minor theatre in Philadelphia. Life there was strenuous, salaries small and fitful in appearance, and *art*, if it was spelled at all, was spelled with a small *a*. But it rhymed with *heart* and was backed by ambition.

At nineteen I was tentatively the "first old man" of the company, and I know now that my nimble and over-youthful legs and wildly-gesticulative arms were fearfully inconsistent with the powdered hair and gray wigs in which I played

> Rich man, poor man, beggarman, thief,
> Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief.

Once I was cast for a miser in an archaic melodrama called The Seven Clerks. The important scene in this play was one in which I gave my keys to a newly-engaged secretary, and bade him unlock a cabinet containing seven bags of gold. These he brought down to a table, counted solemnly (he could really have seen at a glance that there were seven, but the audience couldn't), and carried back to the cabinet, which he locked, returning the key to me.

One night the cabinet would not open. I don't know what had happened; it was probably the work of a practical joker in the company. The secretary pulled and rattled the cabinet door, but in vain. Then something like the following dialogue ensued:

SECRETARY: Master, 'twill not open.

MISER: Ha! Try again.

SECRETARY: 'Tis useless.

MISER: Is't so? Mayhap the wrong key. Remain here. (*Miser goes off stage, and desperately demands keys—they are given hurriedly by various stage-hands. He returns to secretary, who has been left alone to voice his fears impromptu.*)

MISER: Here, young sir, among these you will find the key. Unlock the cabinet.

(*Secretary tries several, while the orchestra wails dismally.*)

MISER: Varlet! Why so slow? Are thy brains addled?

SECRETARY (*with fine dramatic gesture throwing all the keys down on the table*): Before Heaven, master, not one will fit the lock!

MISER (*seeing property-man frantically waving a bunch of keys just off stage*): Ah, yes. My old brains grow forgetful. Stay! I did give them to my servant. (*Reaches off and grabs the bunch hastily.*) Now, young sir, proceed, and with haste. (*The attack is resumed, but with no result. The members of the orchestra are growing hysterical.*)

"I Will," She Said, Quite Matter of Fact, "When You Give Me the Cue"

MISER: Come, you trifle.

SECRETARY (*in profuse perspiration*): Not one will fit—not one!

MISER (*seizing keys*): Curses! Ah, then, I see some *usurper* has stolen the key. But remember, young man (*coming back to the real text of play*), in that cabinet are seven bags of gold. As you value your life let them be found there on the morrow. (*Exit Miser.*)

STAGE MANAGER (*in the wings*): Well, Skinner, you got out of that very decently. But why did you say "*usurper*"?

"I don't know," I replied. "It was the only word I could think of, and it sounded well."

And that, by the way, was almost the key-note of the art of acting in those days:

It sounded well.

I have seen some of the old-timers forget their lines, roll out a lot of fragmentary senseless phrases in a furious roar accompanied by various maniacal gestures, stalk down the stage at the audience in a dominating manner and get a round of applause.

But there were times when this "sound and fury signifying nothing" did not work well.

In our company was an incorrigible named Harold Fosburg. We played Mazeppa, and Fosburg was cast for the Khan of Tartary.

At rehearsal he noticed that one very long speech, in which he commanded to be brought forth "the fiery, untamed steed" that the hapless youth may be bound thereon and sent galloping over "the burning plains of Tartary," was completely drowned in the hubbub of shouting supers, and the rattling of the fiery, untamed one's hoofs on the stage flooring. The air was full of noise, and Fosburg was apparently creating the most of it. The star was something of a humorist, and, noticing that the Khan was not speaking the text, on one occasion, suddenly stopped the shouting and checked the uneasy horse.

Fosburg, to every one's amazement, was heard from his corner of the stage howling out: "Blim! Blang! San Francisco! Sacr-r-r-ramento! Aynes! Fones! Bloom! Maginnis! Bar-r-ratta!"

However, I think that was pretty nearly as good as the real text of Mazeppa. —OTIS SKINNER.

Ask that Man!

THE recollection of forgotten lines, and the more or less dire consequences, never fades, though the name of the play itself may escape entirely from memory

We were doing a piece, among these forgotten ones, and the climax came in a courtroom scene. At that point everything was supposed to go with a snap to sustain the tense excitement of the action.

The judge was none too certain of his lines, but on some papers before him were written his cues. The chief witness, less fortunate in available resource, was new to the part, and stood, book in hand, in the wings, frantically trying to memorize her part. Her cue came and went, but she was studying too intently to hear it. Taking her by the shoulders, the stage-manager pushed her on.

"What do you know of this case?" asked the judge severely.

Blinking in the sudden light of the stage, she looked at him and then at the rest of us, trying to hide the play-book, that she had brought on with her, in the folds of her gown.

"Speak, woman," he began again. "What do you know of this case?"

"Ask that man!" she exclaimed suddenly, pointing to a "super," who stood with a halberd held three inches in front of his nose.

A chill shook us. The man hadn't a line to say. The judge fumbled at his papers excitedly. Perhaps, he and the star witness had missed connections.

"What do you know of this case?" He thundered it that time, for he had found out that he was in the right.

There she stood, the rest of us paralyzed, and piped out, "Ask that man."

"That man," not knowing what might come next, fled through the wings.

The stage-manager, in a frenzy meanwhile, and trying to prompt her, ordered the curtain rung down.

Another time we had a woman in the cast whose composure was almost as disconcerting as had been the other's fatal gift of invention.

I had played the piece many times, and thought I had given her the cue. But I hadn't, and there she stood silent, calmly eying me.

"Why don't you speak?" I asked, pretending a vivacious interest in what might come next.

"I will," she said, quite matter of fact, "when you give me the cue."

I did, and ahead she went, when the audience quieted.

In Madame Sans Gêne, one night, we had two new people in the cast. The man was an actor of note, who did not know his lines, and the woman a veteran, who was shaky in hers.

To help the man in his long speeches, some one was hid behind the sofa on the stage to act as prompter. All was going finely when the woman forgot what she was expected to say. Thinking to help things, the prompter gave her the lines. She didn't hear, but the actor did.

"That isn't mine!" he called.

Again the prompter repeated them, this time louder.

"You fool you, you know that isn't mine!" he called in desperation. "But I'll say it, any way!"

And he did. When the woman heard her speech, a sudden light dawned in her face. Repeating it after him she added, with emphasis, "As you just said," and went glibly ahead, saving the day for them both.

—Henrietta Crosman.

Mason on the Wrong Track

AN AMATEUR playing Cheviot Hill, in Gilbert's Engaged, was taken with stage fright and forgot his lines in the first important situation, where he is supposed to ask Simperson, the father, for the hand of his daughter in marriage. Everything centred on that one speech.

Cheviot stood, open-mouthed, vacant-eyed, and could think of nothing on earth to say. But Simperson, more collected, suavely broke in, "I see by your face, my boy, that you want to ask for the hand of my daughter in marriage. Take her; she's yours."

Rather hard on the daughter's sensibilities, but the ready wit of it saved the play.

Well, a veteran would have been in agony over a situation like that, for the veteran, unlike the amateur, has a professional reputation, and feels obliged "to live up to his blue china."

A danger as great as bridging over forgotten lines is the transposing of letters; for instance, like another young amateur, of the Baltimore Wednesday Club, who came on for a sentimental scene with the lady playing his sweetheart, and began: "Let us retire within this nosey cook."

It is useless to try to clear up a slip like that by correcting yourself, for it only calls attention to the disaster. Better let the people doubt their own sense of hearing as at fault. To go back is to court trouble. Yet, in a long run, when the piece goes like a thing of mechanism, these verbal twists are likely to happen.

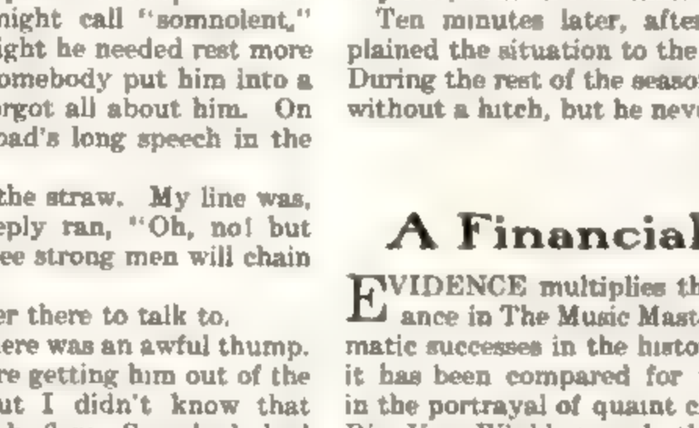
Jack Mason, now with Mrs. Fiske, was once playing in a piece with me when his false entrance got us both into trouble, and gave me a busy five minutes.

His dressing-room was on the opposite side of the stage to the one where he had to make his entrance. The call-boy, like the famed bell-boy who said, "If you are the gentleman to take the six-o'clock train, it's six-thirty," got Mason started behind time.

Meanwhile, I was trying to hold the scene. Looking toward the side he was supposed to enter, and wondering at the delay, I started in to invent.

"There he is!" I began. "He is coming this way! No, he has stopped!"

It seemed to me like ten minutes that I kept this thing up, when I heard a roar from the audience. There stood Mason back of me. He had come on a run from his dressing-room, and, fearing to take the time to cross behind the scenes, to get his proper entrance, had rushed in at the first one he came to



"I Don't Know," He Shouted, "and I Don't Care!"

Not wishing to be tripped any harder than I could help, I caught him by the arm and said, "Come, look at that man coming toward us!"

Mason said, under his breath, "Are you dotty?"

"Isn't that a remarkable case?" I kept on. "The man, the one coming toward us, he is your double!"

The audience, catching the joke of it, burst into laughter and then applauded.

—Wilton Lackaye.

Miss Dressler's Jailer

MY FIRST chance to sing a part came while I was in the chorus of Offenbach's La Périchole. In those days none of us even knew the color of money, except the manager, for nobody was getting any salary. In the company was an old German called Carlsbad—at least, that was the name that clung to him—and Carlsbad was bitter at the close money market.

He was utility man, and as chief speech spoke three lines as the jailer. But those three lines, as I heard them night after night, seemed very important. And Carlsbad was very important, too, when he said them.

One night, the prima donna ill, I was called from the ranks to replace her. The beginning and end of my idea of a prima donna was fine clothes. I thought with them on I would be beautiful, though I have learned better since, and that, when I came out into the searchlight, the whole audience would fall in a faint. But they didn't. Presently, I got over the surprise, for there was plenty to do; but Carlsbad had a worse one in store for me.

He was always what nice people who sleep with the dictionary under their pillows might call "somnolent," and it was not from tea. That night he needed rest more than usual. Being in the way, somebody put him into a wardrobe trunk and carelessly forgot all about him. On I came for the scene with Carlsbad's long speech in the prison.

The tenor, as prisoner, lay on the straw. My line was, "Jailer, is he violent?" His reply ran, "Oh, no! but should he make any attempt, three strong men will chain him to the wall."

I waited, but there was no jailer there to talk to.

Suddenly, behind the scenes, there was an awful thump. They had found Carlsbad and were getting him out of the trunk. But I didn't know that then. Out he flew. Somebody had thrust his lantern into one hand, and his bunch of keys into the other.

"Jailer, is he violent?" I asked. But Carlsbad only blinked; he was getting over the shock.

There I stood, trying to look like Blanche Walsh.

"Jailer, is he violent?" I repeated.

Carlsbad found his tongue. "I don't know," he shouted, "and I don't care!"

That wasn't all he said, oh, dear no! for he was talking about salaries and the manager. It was short, but vivid.

When he stopped I didn't know who I was or what I was playing. Now, I could talk a whole book if a thing like that happened. But that was my first appearance as a "star," and it ended just there, for the curtain was rung down.

—Marie Dressler.

"I Cannot Tell You. Read it for Yourself"

Was it on Faversham?

OF THE many instances of "stage waits" vividly in recollection, there is one that holds the palm. It happened a good many years ago, when I was playing with Mrs. Fiske. In the company at that time was an old stock actor, nervous as a tyro, whose memory was none of the best, and possessed of a fatal ingenuity in shifting upon others the trouble of his impromptu lines.

When forgetfulness seized him, there was no foretelling what he would say next, and those who had scenes with him were under constant strain to keep pace with his inventions. The worst of it was his agility in bundling the responsibility on to somebody else. At last, with patience worn threadbare, I determined to teach him a lesson at the next opportunity. It came very promptly.

Late for his entrance in the second act of the piece, and excited by the fact, he rushed on to the stage, where I was waiting. Only the opening phrase of his speech seemed to have remained in his head.

"Something terrible has happened!" he gasped, and then stood stock still, waiting for some cue, as was his habit. But none came.

"Something terrible has happened!" he repeated vacantly, and stopped again.

"Tell me the worst?" I returned, throwing him back on his wits.

But as usual he was agile in dodging things.

"It is too terrible, I cannot," he answered.

"I'm strong; tell me the worst," I retorted.

"No, it is too much," he fenced.

"That is not right," I returned, determined not to let him escape. "This suspense is terrible; I demand that you tell me the worst."

He was in a quandary. For an instant he hesitated, then he came back gamely. Quickly taking a letter from his pocket, he said brokenly, "I cannot tell you. Read it for yourself," and, turning, walked up stage.

The prompter was wildly gesticulating in the first entrance, but the wily veteran was out of earshot, the plot completely forgotten. Any one could see that the curtain was in danger of being rung down. But as I had taken the letter from him the knowledge came that it was distinctly up to me to find a way out of it. Following him swiftly, and taking him by the shoulders, I said, "You know my eyes are bad. I have forgotten my glasses; read it to me, Harold."

Nonplused, he looked about him despairingly, floundered into another improvised speech, and, knowing the day lost, fled. Down came the curtain.

Ten minutes later, after the stage-manager had explained the situation to the audience, the play proceeded. During the rest of the season the old actor played his part without a hitch, but he never forgave me.

—William Faversham.

A Financial Loving-Cup

EVIDENCE multiplies that David Warfield's performance in The Music Master is one of the very great dramatic successes in the history of the stage. Artistically, it has been compared for technical finish and ripeness in the portrayal of quaint character to Joseph Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle; and, though it lacks some of Rip's mellowness of humor and poetry of atmosphere, it is doubtless, on the whole, well worthy of the comparison.

It is, however, on the financial side that the performance has been most industriously paragraphed. At Mr. Warfield's latest engagement in the Academy of Music, New York—the downtown precursor of the Metropolitan Opera House—he broke all records of the box-office.

Booth and Barrett played in their repertory for two weeks to twenty-one thousand dollars a week. The Music Master played four weeks to over twenty-four thousand dollars a week, or, in precise figures, to ninety-eight thousand four hundred dollars. To commemorate the event, Mr. Warfield's manager and the manager of the theatre united to present the actor with a silver loving-cup. On one side of it was an engraving of Mr. Warfield as Herr Von Baring, and on the other a tabulation of the receipts for the run.

Meanwhile, those four weeks proved that Mr. Warfield is no more to be regarded in his own person as thriftlessly devoted to self-sacrifice than Jefferson was a shiftless and drunken vagabond. It is the general custom for the management to provide all properties used in the play; but, during this record run, it was ordained that the actress who plays Miss Bates, of Houston Street, should provide the tea which she serves on the stage.

That is one respect in which the older convention of idealism on which Mr. Jefferson always insisted is at an advantage over modern realism. The schnapps which was so liberally served in Rip Van Winkle was such stuff as dreams are made of, and cost nobody anything.

YOUNG LORD STRANLEIGH

AN INVITATION AND AN ATTACK

By ROBERT BARR

"If We Were Japanese We Might Steal Down There and Set the Mines Adrift"

MACKELLER, now wide awake, sprang to his feet, and gazed through the telescope.

"You see," he cried triumphantly, "I was right, after all."

"Yes, you were right on one point, and wrong on another. I confess I did not believe in the floating mine, because it is not an article you can buy at every ironmonger's, but you were wrong in predicting they would leave a channel for the Rajah to get out; they have completely sealed the river. Of course, that is an advantage. When it is time for the Rajah to leave you will see these mines picked up and brought in shore, so by watching the mine-field on the river we will receive notice of the Rajah's departure."

"And do you intend to follow her out when the mines are cleared away?"

"Bless you, no. We will depart by the main channel."

"Then you will do nothing about this nest of explosives?"

"What is there to do? If we were Japanese we might steal down there and set the mines adrift, but that would be a dangerous business, and if one or more got out into the ocean we might find ourselves practically responsible for the destruction of a Cape liner. But, after all," continued his lordship dreamily, sprawling at full length on the place that Mackeller had deserted, "after all, what is the use of this gold? You can't eat it or drink it, except in London or Paris, or some such centre of so-called civilization. I have arrived at a theory. I believe this spot to be the Garden of Eden. I intend to found a modern Utopia, and have selected a spot where this very day we will begin to clear away the forest and build log huts. The nucleus of our colony will be situated at the head of the delta, alongside the stream that passes the goldfield and flows direct to the ocean. I shall move the steamer over there, and thus, Peter, you will be deserted; for I insist that you shall watch our potential enemies from this spot, and report by wireless what they are doing."

"So you intend to give up this mining property without a struggle?"

"Oh, I hate struggling. By the way, Mackeller, there is something afloat on the river near the yacht that would interest you. Did I tell you I had picked up a little gem of a motor-boat at Thornycroft's, actually armored and bullet-proof? In it we could go down and visit the mine and return, letting them pepper away at us, while we lay full length on deck, protected by the armored bulwarks. No one could be hit, unless the shooter were on top of a church steeple. I think I'll visit the mining camp."

"I strongly advise you, sir, to do nothing of the kind."

"Oh, very well, I won't, then; but this little craft will come in handy for visiting you." He rose, lazily stretched himself, nodded good-by to Mackeller, and walked in leisurely fashion down the hill.

The yacht proceeded to the side of the plateau that Stranleigh had selected as the site of his first village. Gamekeepers and crew were all set to work.

Mackeller and the telegrapher occupied their lonely perch night and day, and sent in reports of progress. At last Mackeller announced that the loading of ore had gone so far that the Plimsoll's mark on the Rajah's side was already submerged, which fact, added Mackeller, showed that the steamer did not intend to sail to England. Within half an hour of the receipt of this message the swift little motor-boat brought Stranleigh and the doctor to the foot of Outlook Hill, and presently the two arrived at the summit.

"Mackeller," said Stranleigh, "turn your telescope upstream to the first bit of clear water you see."

While Mackeller was doing this, the chief turned to the operator and said:

"Send a message to your colleague—these words: 'Let 'em all come.' Ask him to repeat them to show that he has understood."

"Are you expecting an attack?" asked Mackeller, putting his own interpretation on the familiar, defiant phrase.

"A sort of an attack," replied Stranleigh. "You watch the surface of that water, and tell me what you see."

"Oh!" said Mackeller, "there seems to be a raft coming down."

"No, they are separate logs. They have understood our signal, Doctor, and have acted promptly. Now, Mackeller, turn your glass on the floating mines and give up your place to the doctor. I have promised him the first sight. How many mines did they lay down, Mackeller?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Ah, yes, I remember; you were asleep at your post. Well, I'm happy to inform you that the number I saw placed in the river was exactly twenty-seven. Now, Mr. Telegrapher, stand up here and make yourself useful. If explosions occur, no man is to speak, but each is to keep count of the number of spurts of water he sees, then we will compare notes at the end of the fusillade."

"By Jove!" exclaimed the doctor, his eyes glued to the telescope.

A tall pillar of water, white as snow, rose into the air, paused, broke like a skyrocket, and subsided in a rain of mist, which the wind caught and blew along the surface of the water. Then three more shot up into the air, as if in competition. A sound like distant thunder came across the delta, and now it seemed that one mine had set off another, or else the logs were even thicker than might have been expected, for a wall of water rose from the surface of the river, extending, with breaks here and there, from shore to shore, and, instead of a rumble, a sharp thunderclap was heard by the four men on the mountain. This made counting impossible. For a few moments nothing further happened, then a quarter of a mile down the river the line of mines went off practically simultaneously, forming, for a brief instant, a Niagara in the sky.

"I think we've got them," said Stranleigh quietly, as he slung the binoculars he had been using over his shoulder again. "Turn your telescope to the land again, Doctor, and see those comical people tumbling over each other in their haste to find out what has happened. They look like a nest of disturbed ants."

"What have you done with the yacht?" asked Mackeller. "If any of those people have seen sawn logs float down the river there will be an investigation very speedily to discover who has done the sawing."

"That is true, Mackeller. I have therefore taken the yacht across the river out of gunshot range. If they come by land they can't reach her."

"They are not coming by land," said the doctor. "The steam-launch is being got ready, and three men are standing on the rock ledge preparing to go aboard, I fancy. They are armed with rifles, too."

"Just glance through the telescope, Mackeller," said Stranleigh, "and tell me if you recognize the three men."

"Yes; there is the tall manager, with the captain of the Rajah on one side of him and the first mate on the other."

"Don't say 'first mate,' Peter," corrected Stranleigh. "He is merely the mate, and then you have second and third mate, and I don't know how many more. Well, Doctor, let us get away, and meet them in the motor-boat. We're innocent lumbermen, searching for timber that has tumbled off the bank, remember."

"You are surely not going down there," protested Mackeller.

"Why, of course. We'll fill them up with our story before they even begin to ask questions."

"But you are unarmed."

"Quite."

"And they possess rifles."

"So it seems."

"Then it is a foolhardy thing to meet them without being accompanied by an equal body of armed men to protect you, at least. I should take all that the motor-boat will hold."

"I know you would, Peter; but then, as I have often said, you are a bloodthirsty person. We can drop behind the bulwarks flat on our faces before any one of the three can shoot, then in that recumbent position I will explain to them as well as I can that the Thornycroft motor-boat possesses a submarine prow as effective as that of a battleship, and if they don't want their steam-launch rammed and sunk they'd better drop their rifles to the deck. I shall insist that whoever speaks to me shall talk as one gentleman to another. I'll tell them I'm a member of the Peace Conference at The Hague. Come along, Doctor. We'll invite those johnnies to lunch, and cheer them up with the best wine and cigars that's to be had in Africa." And with that, Stranleigh and the doctor departed for the waiting motor-boat.

The steersman of the little motor-boat crouched over his wheel, which had some resemblance to that of an automobile, as the swift craft sped up the river until it came to the branch that led to the mine, then into this watery lane it turned at full speed. Stranleigh and the doctor were standing up and, on rounding a bend, came in sight of the steam-launch laboriously churning up against the current toward them.

"Stop the engine," said Stranleigh. "Swing round the stern of the launch and come up alongside at a distance of about twenty feet, then regulate her speed to suit that of the launch."

The manager, captain and mate, all standing up, seemed struck into immobility with astonishment at seeing such a cutter in such a region. They made no motion to raise their guns or even salute the oncomer. The motor-boat

came past them like a wild duck, without sound of machinery or sight of vapor, swung gracefully round, and came up alongside with a light precision which should have aroused the admiration of an old salt like the captain of the Rajah.

But the three men were filled with consternation. The ruddy, weather-beaten face of the captain turned to a mottled purple; his jaw dropped, and he stood there gaping, with fear in his bulging eyes. The erect, easy grace of Lord Stranleigh, clad in white, instantly suggested to his experienced eye the British naval officer. This error was heightened by the natty, gold-braided hat worn by the doctor; but the attitude of the two men in white was not so disquieting as the demeanor and appearance of the boat herself. She was most expertly handled, and came alongside with that impudent, saucy air characteristic of midshipmen and the smaller units of the British Navy. There was a touch of arrogance in her rakish build, as if she knew the whole power of a maritime nation was typified in her. The significance of her armored sides was not lost on the two seafaring men, even though the manager of the mine did not become immediately conscious of it, but all three recognized the sinister significance of that projecting prow of steel, which was plainly, if waveringly, seen through the transparent green waters, dangerous as the nose of a man-eating shark.

Lord Stranleigh smiled as he realized the panic his sudden appearance had caused.

"Good-morning," he greeted them pleasantly. "Have you seen anything of timber floating down this river?"

"Timber?" gasped the manager of the mine. "Yes—yes—we have."

"Is it lost, do you think?"

"I—I suppose most of it is bobbing about in the surf of the Atlantic Ocean."

"Not lost, but gone before," murmured the doctor.

Stranleigh surmised that captain and mate knew more of the piratical, thieving nature of their expedition than he had supposed. They were both well aware that British cruisers were nosing about in all sorts of odd corners of the world, mostly where they were not wanted; but, even so, a worthy seaman, if engaged in his lawful occupation, had no reason to fall into a state of nervous collapse at the sight of a craft which looked like a baby torpedo-boat.

"Are you a naval officer, sir?" stammered the captain.

"Oh, dear no," replied Stranleigh airily; "merely a private person. I'm cruising about the coast in my yacht."

"That isn't your yacht, is it?" asked the mine manager.

"No, my yacht lies a few miles farther up the river, and is an ocean-going affair. It is built with an eye to comfort and to the housing of a good number of men."

"Ah, how many men do you carry?" demanded the manager, his courage visibly returning.

"Blest if I know," replied his lordship. "How many men have we, Doctor?"

"I never counted them, sir," replied the doctor noncommittally.

"They are scattered over the face of the country," continued the chief. "Many of them are woodmen, and the rest are gamekeepers from my own estates in England. They can all shoot a bit—trust a gamekeeper for that. I'd like very much to show my yacht to you, if you will honor me with a visit. I should be delighted if you three gentlemen would be good enough to lunch with me."

The manager whispered to the captain, who somewhat doubtfully nodded his head. The manager then spoke up:

"Thank you, sir," he said. "We'll be very glad of a bite and a smoke. My friend here is captain of the Rajah, and this is Mr. Thompson, the mate. I am Frowningshield, representing the owners of this district."

"Delighted to make your acquaintance, gentlemen. My name is Stranleigh. S-t-r-a-n-l-e-i-g-h," spelled his lordship.

"May I inquire the object of your visit in these regions?" asked the manager as they got aboard.

"In a small way I am looking after big game, and so carry some of my gamekeepers with me. Then, again, as you are probably aware, I am interested in timber, hence my woodmen with their axes and saws. I had some thoughts of founding a settlement here, or in any other healthy and suitable spot not too far from the coast. Some days ago I gave orders to my woodmen to prepare logs for the building of huts. I was away shooting at the time and they piled the logs too near the brink of the river, where the incline is steep. This morning the logs seem to have tumbled one after another into the water. I took this launch and followed down the river, thinking, perhaps, the sawn logs had lodged or jammed somewhere."

Frowningshield listened to this recital with wrinkled brow and intense gaze upon the speaker, who talked in an easy, indolent manner which impressed the manager.

"Perhaps you are not aware, Mr. Stranleigh," he said, "that the timber you are cutting is situated on private property."

"You are surely mistaken," protested the young man. "All the maps I have seen depict this district as a sort of no-man's-land."

Clambered Up the Black Cliff of the Rajah, Hand Over Hand

"Such is not the case, Mr. Stranleigh. More than a hundred square miles of this territory has been acquired by a European syndicate, of whom I am the representative."

"You amaze me. From what government did this syndicate buy the property?"

"They did not buy it from any government; they acquired the concession from native chiefs. No European government holds jurisdiction over this section of Africa."

"That's what I thought. Are you forming a settlement, then, farther down the river?"

"Yes."

"You arrived in the steamer you spoke of—I forget the name?"

"The Rajah. Yes. I am a mining engineer, and we are experimenting with the mineral resources of this country."

"I see. Then you are probably loading the Rajah with such ore as you can find, and are taking it back to Europe to test it."

"Exactly."

"What you tell me is most interesting. Then you are clothed with authority to order me to move on?"

"I assure you, Mr. Stranleigh, that so far as I am personally concerned you might form your settlement. In the interest of my employers, I fear I must warn you off."

"Could you oblige me with the address of that European syndicate?"

"It would be useless, sir. I was instructed that they do not intend to grant any concessions or franchises to outsiders."

"My dear Mr. Frowningshield," protested Stranleigh, "I should not dream of disputing your authority. I confess I was rather taken with this upper country, though I don't think much of the stretch of land along the coast. However, Africa is large, and I do not doubt I may find some spot equally favorable for the carrying out of my plans. It seems so strange that I, of all people, should be a trespasser and a poacher, for, when at home, I am a stern upholder of the rights of property. I own several estates in England, and so I should be the last man to trespass on the rights of others."

Meanwhile, the launch was speeding up the river and, as they approached the triple outflow, Stranleigh waved his hand. "There, Captain," he said, "what do you think of my yacht?"

"Very fine lines, sir," replied the captain, as he and the mate gazed at the white steamer.

Stranleigh and the doctor sprang up the steps; the motor-boat gave itself a flick astern, and then the steam-launch came to the floor of the gangway. Stranleigh conducted captain and manager to easy-chairs aft. He made a mental note of the fact that the mate had remained in the launch, and from this surmised that he had not succeeded in allaying the suspicions of captain and manager. He resolved to give them an opportunity of consulting alone together, wondering what their action would be when they had come to a decision regarding recent events.

"I must go below to see about the wine." With this the genial host went down the companionway with the doctor.

"What do you think of him?" muttered the captain.

"Oh, he's all right," said Frowningshield confidently. "A rich ass, good-natured, without too much brains, blowing in the money he has inherited."

"I'm not so sure of that," replied the captain. "Do you see that this boat is fitted up for wireless telegraphy? That's the meaning of the line between the masts."

Frowningshield looked aloft. "Well, I don't see anything to worry about, even if it is so. Plenty of yachts are fitted with the apparatus nowadays."

"He might be in communication with some one outside."

"What do you propose to do?"

"Keep an eye on him, and not drink too much of his wine."

"I think you are unduly suspicious, Captain. This boat must have left England before we did."

"I'm not so sure of that. Some of these ocean-going yachts are very fast. She may be turbine-engined. Ah, here comes a waiter with the drinks. Well, my man, this is a very nice yacht you have here."

"Yes, sir."

"Turbine engines, I suppose?"

"I don't know, sir. The engineer would be able to tell you."

"Yes, I suppose he would. How long is it since you left England?"

"Very sorry, sir, but I don't remember the date. The captain or the owner would know."

"Why, of course. Have you been stopping at many places—Lisbon or Teneriffe, perhaps?"

"Well, sir, I never had no head for them foreign places. They all look alike to me, sir."

"You see," said the captain, as the man respectfully withdrew, "even the stewards are on their guard."

"Oh, that's the non-committal nature of the English servant! Stranleigh is by way of being a swell. I can't imagine a la-de-da chap like this, with a fashionable yacht and a gang of gamekeepers, sent out to interfere with us. What can he do?"

"My Name is Stranleigh. S-t-r-a-n-l-e-i-g-h," Spelled His Lordship

"The steel prow of that motor-boat didn't look fashionable," growled the captain. "She could sink the Rajah, loaded down as she is, in about ten seconds. The tumbling of all that timber in the river may have been an accident, as he says; but I don't believe it."

"Yes, it does take a bit of explaining, doesn't it? Still, he daren't attack us; there are too many of us."

"I think you'll change your opinion before the week is out, Mr. Frowningshield. See what he's already done. I tell you what it is, Mr. Frowningshield: there's been a miscalculation, and that man Schwartzbrod isn't as clever as you thought he was. Now, what has happened? They have chartered the quickest yacht they could find in England, and they have cut in here ahead of us. They've been spying upon us ever since we came here. The other fellows in England have taken their time in fitting up a steamer, or perhaps two steamers, or perhaps three. This chap has cleared the channel for them, and any fine morning you may see three or four ships in the offing, carrying perhaps three or four hundred men. *Then* what are you going to do?"

"There wouldn't be anything to do, of course, if all that happened. But even if the worst should come to the worst, they couldn't touch us. I tell you old Schwartzbrod assured me he would get from the new owners a legal document, covering everything he had ordered done."

"But suppose he didn't get that document?"

"Oh, trust him! Of course he's got it, but, even if he hadn't, we are doing nothing illegal. Here you are with your fortune made if you run three trips to Lisbon and back. You are quite safe, whatever comes, for you are bound to obey the orders of those who chartered the vessel."

"I don't like the job a bit, Mr. Frowningshield."

"Nonsense, man. If any one is in danger it's me, and I'm not afraid. You're protected by your ship's papers. It isn't criminal to sail a ship from Southampton to the West African coast, and it isn't criminal to make voyages to Lisbon and back."

The captain, sorely troubled, but somewhat comforted by the confident tone of his comrade, was absent-mindedly turning the picture pages of the Sphere, which he had taken from the wicker table at his elbow. Suddenly something caught his eye.

"By Jove, Frowningshield, look at the date of the Sphere! Twenty-fourth of May, it says, and we sailed on the thirteenth—a mighty unlucky day, I call it. He bought this paper more than a week after we left! I tell you, Frowningshield, we're done for. We're blooming prisoners; that's what we are!"

Mr. Manager Frowningshield took up the copy of the Sphere in his hand and gazed at this conclusive evidence of the date.

The captain was now standing up, his fists clenched. "I should like to know whether we are here as his guests or his prisoners. We were fools to have accepted his invitation."

"But, hang it all, Captain, he came on us so unexpectedly that there was no time to plan, or even to suspect. He seemed to speak so honestly and straightforwardly. Of course, he's got us aboard here, and could steam away past your ship and my settlement with us two flung down the hold and helpless, just as I put away that Scotch engineer on the Rajah at Southampton."

"Don't you think your men would give her a shot as she went by?"

"Not unless I was there to command them. I've left nobody in authority. I wonder what he's doing so long down below? Ah, here he comes." Stranleigh, debonair and smiling, appeared at the head of the companionway.

"I hope you'll excuse me," began Stranleigh, coming forward. "The gong will ring, they tell me, in about a quarter of an hour."

"I am very sorry, Mr. Stranleigh," replied the captain, "but I am a little anxious about my ship. I must ask you to excuse me. I cannot remain to lunch. You see, those logs are piled up still very close to the brink of the river, and I fear, if they tumbled down also, coming end on upon us, they might do the Rajah some damage. Some of them certainly struck her before."

"Then, Captain, you must let me pay for whatever damage has been done. I come of a sporting race. I'll give you a hundred pounds here in gold, win or lose. If the damage is a thousand pounds, then you've lost. If there's no damage at all, you've won a hundred pounds. Come, Captain, what do you say?"

"If no damage has been done, Mr. Stranleigh, I don't want any money from you. After all, the affair was an accident."

"Are you satisfied to give me a quit-claim for a hundred pounds, cash down?"

"I'll be quite satisfied if you excuse me from attending luncheon and allow me to go back to my ship."

"Very well, Captain; the only point between us is the hundred pounds or not."

"Take the money, Captain," said the manager, looking up at him with a smile. It was evident that his fears had once more been overcome, but the captain was not so easily cajoled.

"Very well," he said, anxious to end the situation and learn whether he was to be let go or not.

"And now, Mr. Frowningshield," continued Stranleigh, turning to the manager, "let us settle all our financial affairs before lunch, so that we may enjoy our meal without the thought of commercialism at the board. You have seen the damage I have caused in your forest, thinking all the while it was my own property. At how much coin of the realm do you place my depredations?"

"How many trees did you cut down, Mr. Stranleigh?"

"Oh, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty or a hundred, perhaps. We'll send a man across in the motor-boat to count the stumps."

"Oh, it isn't worth while. Would you be content to part with another hundred pounds?"

"Done. Just pardon me a moment until I get the money," and once more he disappeared below.

"He's gone to give the signal," said the captain. "Will you stop here and give me a chance to get away?"

"Willingly."

"Very well, if I once get out of sight there are ten chances to one he can't catch me before I'm in the Tagus."

Stranleigh soon reappeared with some rolls of gold done up in paper, and these he divided equally between the captain and Frowningshield. The latter could not resist the temptation of asking a question.

"I've been looking at this illustrated newspaper, and I notice its date is very recent. You must have made a quick voyage from England, Mr. Stranleigh."

Stranleigh took the journal in his hand and looked at the date. "Yes, they do these things quickly nowadays; but, perhaps, not so quickly as one unaccustomed to journalism would imagine. I believe that the illustrated weeklies are dated some time ahead, and I have been told they send forth their foreign editions as far in advance as possible. This, now, could have come from London, through by way of Paris to Lisbon, and reach that city probably several days before the date mentioned on the cover. I must ask the doctor where he bought this copy, whether at Lisbon or Teneriffe."

He flung the Sphere carelessly down on the table as if the matter, after all, was of no moment, and even Frowningshield, who was watching him like a detective of fiction, could distinguish no note of hesitation in his voice, nor catch any glance of annoyance from his eyes.

"Well, Mr. Stranleigh," said the captain, "I am very much obliged to you for your invitation, even though I cannot take advantage of it, so I shall bid you good-by."

"Oh, you're not away yet, Captain," said Stranleigh, and the captain drew himself up with a start of surprise. Stranleigh walked to the head of the companionway and said: "Will you be as quick as you can down there?"

Then he turned, followed this time by a steward carrying a hamper.

"I don't like to think of your losing your lunch, Captain," he said, "so I've had them put up a basketful for you and the mate on your way to the Rajah. There is in the hamper several bottles of champagne that I think will commend itself to you, or to any other judge of a good vintage, and there is also a box of cigars. So, good-by, and good luck to you. May you sail the high seas prosperously and safely. Here's hoping I shall meet you again when you are not in such a hurry."

Basket and hamper had been placed in the launch, and Stranleigh waved his hand at the captain and mate as their craft steamed for the mining camp.

The gong sounded out at last.

"Well, Mr. Frowningshield," said the young man returning from the side, "if you're as hungry as I am, you'll enjoy this meal. Come along."

The manager did enjoy the meal, and they lingered long over the consuming of it, coming up on deck after it

(Continued on Page 26)

"I Should Like to Know Whether We are Here as His Guests or His Prisoners"

THE MADMEN OF THE DESERT

By REX BEACH

II

A PHOTOGRAPH of the main street of Goldfield taken in January, 1904, shows a dozen unpainted wooden buildings and an equal number of tents. One taken from the same point on the first of this year depicts a street walled with stone and brick, its sidewalks thronged till the overflow surges back and forth between the curbs. There are big office buildings, cafés and stores, while back of them are luxurious residences, and over all a sense of solidity and permanence.

"This camp must have been well organized and well governed to have resulted in this amazing growth," I remarked to one of the leading operators.

"Yes," said he, "we have had less violence here than in any camp I ever saw."

"Which speaks loudly for your police force, eh?"

"We haven't any."

"What kind of government is it that requires no police?" I asked.

"Now that I come to think of it, we haven't any government, either," he confessed. "There's no town organization at all, no trustees, nor supervisors, nor anything of that sort. At least I never heard of any. We just began to grow, and we've never caught up with ourselves or stopped to bother about how we did it."

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Goldfield, the Camp Which Has No Police or Local Government

This is true. In this, the most virile mining camp on the continent, there is no government other than that of the county, and the county seat has been one hundred and seventy miles away, across bleak hills and waterless valleys, till very recently, when it was moved.

It is the strangest community on the map, for its fifteen thousand people were drawn hither in a feverish scramble and yet are constrained by no semblance of municipal government. They are without a mayor or city council, with no board of health and without a fire department. This does not mean that there is no fire protection, for there is, and every able-bodied man is a fireman. When a blaze starts, drays, carts, carriages and automobiles are used, and every one who is threatened moves out upon the desert. Asbestos curtains in the fireproof buildings are quickly lowered, and there is no hesitancy in dynamiting any structure which lies in the path of the flames and threatens other property.

At a recent fire a wagon, loaded with giant powder, was driven up at a gallop, the explosive was tossed out and laid before the occupants had left the house.

Tremendous sums are being invested in mines and mills and city real estate, and yet the law is there only in the shape of sheriffs and their deputies. Those to whom I mentioned the city government subject said they had never thought about it before, and saw no reason, now, for quitting work and making one.

This fever of industry commenced with the first discoveries of "pay," and reached its height last fall when still greater riches were bared, when the world stopped to stare at this unknown corner of an unknown State, and when the stock market, which had been feverish before, went crazy and acted as no other mining market has acted since the bonanza days of the Comstock.

There had been sensational advances in stocks prior to this, and the men of the desert were hot with the lust for speculation; but when excitement climaxed with a production of fifty thousand dollars a day from one mine they went completely mad and took the outside world with them. Followed such a blind struggle, such a frantic rush for Nevada stocks that the market stampeded, ran away, kicked, snorted and bucked off those who were hanging on. The capacity of the local Exchange was overtaxed, and overflow meetings were held on the curb and in the alleys. Men traded on the streets, in saloons and in cafés. Brokers in passing shouted prices to each other across the streets, bought and sold, and hurried on their ways.

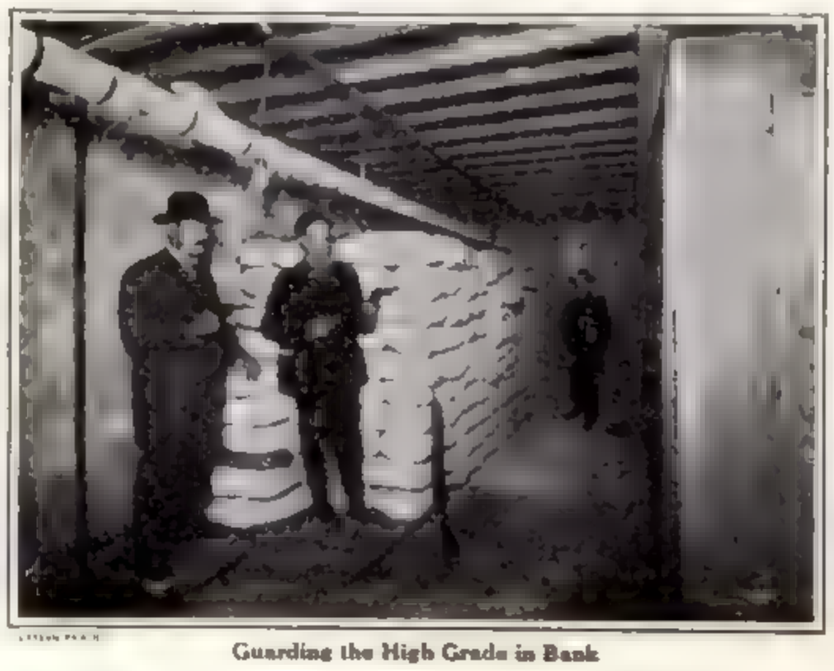
During the month of November deposits in the Goldfield banks ran as high as one million dollars a day, with clearings of twice that sum. The business of one young broker during this month amounted to two million five hundred thousand dollars.

One building is filled with brokers' offices. After Exchange hours their windows were thrown open and jammed with shouting men, while the street below became a riotous mob of people screaming orders. Night shifts were put on and office forces doubled, yet, trade as they would, so hungry had become the general public that orders ran behind. Messenger boys were paid one hundred dollars per month and would not work, and, in one day, the Western Union Telegraph Company received and sent forty thousand messages from their Goldfield office.

A certain flotation company at this time was spending one hundred and fifty thousand dollars per month in newspaper advertising throughout the East, all of which was frequently sent by wire.

Each day came rumors of new strikes, and each day the values of the ore in sight increased. One mine encountered a streak of such value that it could not be shipped by freight, and, as the express companies refused to handle it till suitable arrangements were made for its protection, it was sewed up in sacks and deposited in the banks, where it was guarded like bullion. From one of the biggest leases came the announcement that this "high grade" would be held till there was sufficient to make a million-dollar shipment. Another property made like declaration.

The excitement grew and spread till all America wanted Nevada stocks. Brokers would meet on the streets in pairs and begin to barter. They would be joined by others, and in a few moments there would assemble a shouting crowd, and a curb market would come into being. Men "scalped" as high as fifteen thousand dollars from this market in a day without putting up a cent or without a dollar's capital.



Guarding the High Grade in Bank

One day in particular had been marked by great fluctuations on "'Change," owing to strikes and rumors of strikes, and of course the curb was four times worse. Buyers, sellers and spectators jostled and fought with each other, executing flying wedges and other football formations toward each centre of interest. Shares were bought and sold by tens of thousands. From the windows of the buildings on both sides of the street men leaned, shouting offers and acceptances, when, in the midst of it all, a wagon loaded with sixty thousand dollars of "high grade" backed up to the bank and began to unload.

There were no actual transfers of certificates nor checks in all this, for everything was done by word of mouth. Although these stocks went up and down, and although these men had nothing but each other's words or nods to go upon, they settled their gains and losses to the cent, and there was no single case of "welshing."

Men grew wild-eyed from this excited strain and haggard from loss of sleep as the days went by. Brokers became distracted and their forces broke down, yet their patrons clamored for action. The Exchange worked overtime with relays of callers, while the curb worked all the time, and still the desires of those who wished to trade increased. Finally, one firm announced that it would receive no commissions till further notice, and others followed suit. Then the Exchange adjourned that this congestion might be cleared away. One house required three weeks with double shifts to catch up with its orders.

This halt gave the curb broker a wonderful chance, and, without any official quotations as a guide, almost any price on the same stock might have been heard, varying, in some cases, as much as a dollar a share, and this kept up for days. The telegraph office was from eight to twenty-four hours behind in its deliveries, and brokers were submerged in orders which they could not execute.

Nor were the brokers and the speculators the only ones to reap a harvest from these advances, for on every street corner one will hear tales of poor men who made fortunes from that which cost them little.

One man told me of doing one hundred and sixty-six dollars' worth of assessment work on a property for which he was paid 122,500 shares of stock, which later went to two dollars and forty cents.

It were easy to form the belief that the money of the Nevada camps has been made on paper, that the financial possibilities of the country are limited only by the capacity of its printing presses and the temper of the stock-mad public; but that is far from true. I do not believe that all the mines are worth that valuation which the public has placed upon them. Likewise no one will dispute the assertion that the greater part of the great fortunes that have been made out there in the past two or three years have been made by stock manipulation, promotions, etc., and hence that the size of these fortunes is extremely variable. But few of the so-called millionaires could cash in and get the half of their estimated fortunes, consisting so largely, as they do, of stocks, the least disturbance in which will cause a shrinkage.

And yet there is a good foundation underneath it all. The most wonderful gold mines in the world are there, and their values do not alter with the price of stocks.

The Director of the Mint estimated that the production of gold last year from Colorado would be about twenty-three million dollars, from Alaska about twenty-one million dollars, and from Nevada about nine million dollars. As a matter of fact, Goldfield began its real production and struck its pace in the three closing months of the year, when it was mining the precious metal at a rate greater than that of either of the first two, at a rate never equaled by Cripple Creek, and at a rate which, if continued, will show more yellow dollars annually than will the whole of Alaska.

Lack of milling and transportation facilities has kept down the desert's record and cut it in half, for from Goldfield no rock has been shipped which assays less than thirty dollars to the ton, while many mines have great quantities of low grade on the dump and only the richest stringers and shoots have been taken. When mills are built, and when this rock is treated on the ground, the figures will swell, and many mines which now are adding nothing to the total will be working at a profit.

In Tonopah it is stated that but twenty-five dollars of outside capital was used to develop one big claim. Her sister camp indulges in the proud boast that not one dollar of foreign money has been used in opening any of her producing mines. The mines have either paid from the surface down or Goldfield gold has dug them. Furthermore, they make the assertion that there has never been a dollar of capital intrusted to reputable operators in this district that has been misappropriated.

I met men who are officers in many mining companies, and I undertook to get a line on the salaries paid them, but I found no single instance where a president, secretary, treasurer or director of any large Goldfield mining company received a salary of any kind. Furthermore, I found no case where moneys received from the sale of treasury stock in companies handled by Nevada operators of decent standing have been diverted from their legitimate purposes. Investors have been fleeced, and fleeced unmercifully, but had they made inquiry before they bought, had they exercised that measure of care which they would have used in other ventures, they could and would have ascertained the odor of the enterprises. I learned of two instances where well-known men were placed upon directorates without their consent, but both of the gentlemen resigned upon discovery of the fact.

I may seem to imply that there is no evil in the desert, that the men there are different from the ones we have at home, but they are not. There are rogues there, and scoundrels, whose morals are atrophied and who live, as the "live-easy" world lives, by the exercise of wits, but they are in no greater numbers there than elsewhere, and, as elsewhere, they are outnumbered by honest men.

A Short Cut Through a Volcanic Bed

SINCE its first boom Goldfield has set a pace with which its inhabitants have never been able to keep up. All things are behind the town and too small for it, excepting only prices. These are ample. The hotels are inadequate, the stores are understocked, there are insufficient trains, horses, automobiles; there is a lack of fuel and of every other supply.

In one saloon as many as one hundred and twenty-five men slept on the floor in one night.

At the beginning of this year the Tonopah and Goldfield Railroad refused to accept more than fifteen carloads of freight per day from the Southern Pacific Railway, and as a result some sixty cars a day accumulated. Every siding was filled with freight, and every day the congestion became more hopeless. Meanwhile, leasers whose time was growing short were crying to the skies the tale of their despair. One concern needed machinery, and hired a special train from Salt Lake at an enormous figure. Other trains were side-tracked to let this special pass, and thereafter it became the custom to ship machinery and supplies in this manner or by express. Lumber, fuel and general merchandise came that way, till the congestion of express matter became so serious that the Wells Fargo Company refused an offer of one thousand dollars to haul a twenty-ton car of coal from 'Frisco to Goldfield. Wood went to forty dollars a cord and coal to ninety dollars a ton. Two women were arrested for carrying off railroad ties from the railroad right-of-way, but the town authorities released them, saying: "If the railroad doesn't want its ties stolen, then it should take them out of town."

Three cars of wood were ordered for free distribution, bearing the sign, "For the relief of Goldfield." They lay six weeks at Hazen.

Despite all these there were no poor. Some philanthropic gentleman decided to give a free Christmas dinner to the suffering, and widely advertised his intention. He made vigorous preparation, but no one came. By dint of earnest inquiry he heard of a washwoman with three children, and sent her a turkey together with a basket of other good things, but she indignantly refused his aid, and said she earned four dollars a day with her tub.

The local express office did the largest volume of business of any office on the Pacific Coast, not even excepting San Francisco, Seattle or Los Angeles.

Automobiles rented for one hundred and fifty dollars a day while these gold-mad men scurried over the desert in chase of options,

The Montezuma Club, Goldfield. A Gentleman's Club Crowded Nightly with Mining Operators

leases and the like, and it may be said here that there are more motor-cars in use in these camps than in any cities of twice their size on the continent. It is claimed that a million dollars has been invested in them during the past year.

The figure does not seem unreasonable after one has ridden there and seen them driven, for the average life of a machine is about four months.

Hay at Record Prices

A MINER fresh from the hills one windy winter day beheld a herd of burros huddled in the shelter of a hotel. They looked poor and undernourished as if from a diet of wrapping-paper and soft pine shavings.

Thereupon the generous one called to the proprietor, saying:

"Take them canaries to the livery barn and have 'em fed. Stuff 'em full and put it in on my bill."

"What's the size of your bank-roll?" inquired the landlord.

"Medium."

"It ain't enough. Hay is fifty dollars a ton."

One Mining Exchange being insufficient to handle the volume of business, another was formed, and buildings are being erected for each.

Now, with the development of remarkably high-grade ore there came complications which led to later difficulties of considerable magnitude. In some of the mines rock was being worked which ran from two dollars to fifty dollars a pound. As a result great portions of it were stolen by the miners. They carried it away in their pockets, dinner-pails, inside their underclothes, and in specially-devised pack-saddles and ore-belts which they wore beneath their shirts. Men tied the bottoms of their overalls and filled the legs with samples which they finally disposed of to the assay offices.

Under normal conditions three such offices would have been ample for the business of the town, but the number increased to about fifty, many of which bore no signs and were, in effect, "fences." Some of these remained open all night to accommodate the miners who were on the day shift. So unusual was the mineralization of much of this rock that men hired for five dollars a day made two hundred dollars a shift in addition to their wages.

The practice became so general that it was estimated that three hundred thousand dollars per month were being stolen in this manner. Miners boarded trains with valises and blanket rolls filled with "high grade" which they took to San Francisco to avoid the extortionate rates of the local assay offices, preferring to pay railroad fares to the coast and return rather than be "robbed."

One man entered a saloon with four hundred and eighty dollars as the result of his day's work, flung it on the bar and blew it in, knowing that he would do as well the next day, and in this place alone it is claimed that five hundred thousand dollars in assay office checks were cashed.

Naturally, steps were taken to stop this, but so general was the practice that they failed. Miners who would not "high grade" were driven off their jobs, and when the owners attempted to establish a system of watchmen and guards they were threatened with a general strike and tie-up of the mines. There were many leases operating under a limited period, and the owners of these could not afford the loss of a single day, so they said:

"Go ahead, boys, but leave some for us."

Three men were arrested as they stepped off a cage, each loaded down, whereupon it was moved at the next meeting of the local union that the owners of the property be compelled to fire the superintendent who caused the arrest. Watchmen were drugged, wagons and pack-trains driven up to the dumps and loaded with rich ore, while one engineer was compelled to lower robbers into a mine. Then attempts were made to establish "change rooms," but every miner rose up in his modesty and swore he would die rather than submit to the unspeakable indignity of undressing before his fellows, and a general strike was again threatened if the issue were pressed.

The aid of the United States courts was invoked and shipments of stolen ore amounting to fifty thousand dollars were replevined from the Wells Fargo Company while in transit, but still the thefts continued.

Then one day, as the miners went on shift, they presented a new scale of wages, and without an hour's notice to their employers demanded that it be accepted, again threatening a strike. It was known by them that many leases had but a few days to run, and it was known, likewise, that there were certain incomplete mergers in the air which might be "queered" by a labor controversy.

Certain leasers acceded to the demands, but the operators as a body did not, and a lockout resulted which tied up the mines for weeks and resulted in great suffering and a tremendous flurry in stock, the prices of which fell off from thirty to fifty per cent.

An adjustment was finally reached under which mutual concessions were made, mainly on the part of the miners. Among other things that were agreed upon was the establishment of "change rooms," and it is believed that the "high-grade" evil has been largely ended.

Strikes and Sagging Stocks

IT IS just as difficult for men ignorant of mining to win at it as at any other unfamiliar commercial enterprise. Nor is it easier to mine from a distance than to run a clothing store in Nevada from a New York office. As a whole, the business is not an alluring one when conducted outside of the market, and were Nevada stocks unlisted, were the hope of unwarranted advances in shares eliminated and nothing held out but the possibility of legitimate dividends, the many ads which fill the back pages of our Eastern papers would not yield even as much per acre as it costs to put them into type.

No man can gamble conservatively. He may do so in moderation, but that is different, and when he plays at mining he should know the men who sit in with him. If not, he should watch them deal, and never turn his head, for the percentage is so largely against him that he cannot afford to gamble on the honesty of those across the table.

Therefore, to those who would put money into Nevada mines there can be but one word of caution: Before you invest, investigate. The frauds have been exploited elsewhere, unduly, I believe, for in Nevada all men are not bad. I believe that most of the mines out there are not intrinsically worth what the stock in them will figure up, and yet no man can say. If the values of those ledges continue to "go down" as they are doing now (and, in the words of Jim Butler, "It's a cinch that they don't go up"), then the one camp of Goldfield will produce annually more of the precious metal than any one of our mining States.

If Nevada continues to develop for the next two years as she is doing now she will add one hundred million dollars to our wealth each year.

Sacking Ore for Shipment at a Desert Mine Before the Arrival of Machinery and Before Wagon Roads Have Been Completed

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Beach upon the Mines and Miners of Nevada.

WALL-STREET MEN

E. H. Harriman, Who Furnishes Material for the Human Interest Historians

IF YOU want to invest yourself with picturesqueness in Wall Street all you have to do is to get the "Man of Mystery" habit. Then you can do all sorts of proscribed things, from juggling with railroad finance to operating a security foundry, and it is all laid up to your mysterious qualities.

E. H. Harriman and Thomas F. Ryan had a monopoly on this Mystery Proposition, but now there is a new Human Enigma. He is Henry Clay Frick. He labors under the misfortune of being a "Pittsburg millionaire," but he does not belong to the particular group which has made that town notorious.

Frick is not exactly "in" Wall Street, but many of his interests are, and already his shadow is falling across the great market-place. The coils of his power are tightening on the whole financial map, and people are asking: "Will he succeed Harriman as the Master Manipulator of American Finance?" For Wall Street, like Satan, is always finding something for idle millions to do.

He has all the qualifications for imperial financial success. First, he is a man of masterful silence. This, in Wall Street, often spells gold. Frick moves in a mysterious way his coups to perform. Few know him, and you do not hear stories about him floating up and down the Street. He believes in what old Commodore Vanderbilt believed in: "Never tell anybody what you are going to do until you have done it." The hundreds of people who daily touch his elbows in the crowded thoroughfares or in the elevators of the Trinity Building, where he has his office, do not know that this silent, stocky and bearded man is the arbiter of many millions and is making his way to a stewardship of a big part of our corporate life.

Raised in the Shadow of an Oven

FRICK was raised in the shadow of a Pennsylvania coke-oven. Thus he got a hot start, and he has been "heating it up" (for the other fellow) ever since. He became a giant in the steel industry, as everybody knows. In fact, he got so strong that his principal associate, Andrew Carnegie, did not like it. He wanted all the glory himself. That is the Carnegie way. He wanted to shelve Frick, but Frick is not the shelving kind. There began the feud between these men that has involved half of Pittsburg. It is a silent war, in which millions do the talking and fighting.

When Carnegie's subsidized Peace Congress (paid for with money made in armor-plate) was holding forth in New York, some one in Wall Street asked:

"Why doesn't Frick get up a war?"

Frick has turned from industry to railroads, for the genius that first saw the vision of the United States Steel Corporation and the relentless energy that crushed the Homestead strike cannot be inactive. He has a grip on the Pennsylvania Railroad Company and he is a power in the Baltimore and Ohio. He has harnessed up three stout yokefellows: Harriman, Rogers and Rockefeller. Will he become one of the Railroad Over-Lords? Wall Street is waiting and guessing.

Mr. Harriman still furnishes matter for discussion and material for the human-interest historians. From long experience he has come to know the ways of newspaper reporters. There was a conspicuous example of this on the day the Union Pacific directors voted for a big issue of stocks and bonds. Of course, this was an important news item, especially in the financial world. Many reporters had assembled in the large boardroom at 120 Broadway to get the details. The rivalry between the various news bureaus which furnish ticker service is very keen. A "beat" of a minute in announcing a dividend or stock issue is an achievement.

So, when Mr. Harriman, who was personally explaining the plans, had said just enough to show his hand and make an item, the representative of one of the news bureaus made a dash for the door. Mr. Harriman stopped in the midst of his talk about millions and called to the escaping reporter:

"Mr. ——" (calling his name), "where are you going?"

"Out with this story," replied the newspaper man.

"Please come back," said the magnate. "You reporters must all go out together. After you have left this office you can beat it as fast as you want."

Keene, the Market-Maker

EVERY once in a while you hear that James R. Keene is out of the Wall-Street game. Then, all of a sudden, the ticker breaks into action and the wise people who study the tape say: "Keene is at it again." They can tell the old man's operations just as if they were reading an account of it in longhand. This is one of the Keene peculiarities. He is not only the biggest operator in the Street, but the most distinctive. Gates used to go at the market with a sledge-hammer and he made lots of noise; Keene uses finer weapons and cuts out the brass band.

History has recorded his opinion of the financial ability of a certain Secretary of the Treasury, of whom Keene said "that he has as much sense as the last worm-eaten cabbage on the lowest-down truck farm in darkest Long Island."

Keene has had a fighting career, and he is leaving a real impress. He says he is seventy years young and a fighter still. He made his first stake out West, after he got tired of law and journalism. He mixed it up with the old Bonanza Kings and rolled up a fortune at a time when a few millions meant riches. Now, it is only a drop in the Wall-Street bucket. Keene, they say, started for Europe from San Francisco in 1877. He came by way of New York and stopped over to get a near look at Wall Street. Then it was all over. He was a born speculator; got tangled up in the tape and has been that way ever since. He has known what it is to be trimmed and go broke; but, as yet, he is unfamiliar with the sensation of being down and out. He has as many financial lives as the proverbial cat has chances to keep going.

For years he was the Big Bear, and financial history will register him as the Master Market-Maker. Yet he was not a destructive bear, like his old-time colleague, Jay Gould. He was a bear that made markets—often to order. Then, by the sheer power of his speculative resources, he could turn bull and do the trick just as well. He helped to create the checkerboard on which men played for millions. It is a tradition that "the Street likes to trade with Keene," for he is on the square, and he takes and gives a run for the money.

When the great syndicates and corporations wanted to float their stock in the open market they got Jim Keene

Thomas F. Ryan, Who had a Monopoly on the Human Mystery Proposition

H. C. Frick, the Man of Masterful Silence, Which, in Wall Street, Spells Gold

to do it. He planted Amalgamated Copper for the Standard Oil crowd; and on that frenzied and account-breaking day in May, not so many years ago, when Hill and Harriman were lined up for the mastery of Northern Pacific, it was Keene who was hurled into the market by J. P. Morgan and wrested victory for the Hill forces.

"Keene loves speculation like a bulldog loves fight," they say in Wall Street. The sweetest music that reaches his ear, save, perhaps, the sound of the hoof-beats of a thoroughbred bearing the Keene colors going under the wire first, is the rattle of the ticker and the tumult of the market-place.

One day a stranger in the Keene offices saw a white-bearded, slender man pacing up and down the floor, nervous and excited. Every now and then he would dash for the ticker, read the tape and resume his frenzied pacing.

"Is that man crazy?" asked the stranger.

"No," he was told. "Mr. Keene is interested in the market. That's all."

Yet this manipulator of markets has a very human side. Once he was laid up with a bad leg in his rooms at the Waldorf-Astoria hotel. It was in the midst of one of his great campaigns, and he was directing it from his bed. In the corner a ticker sputtered, and close at hand were two telephones that jangled all the time. It was a bitter-cold day, and a fierce wind howled about the big hotel.

Looking out of his warm room Keene saw a poorly-clad woman standing on the corner of Thirty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue. She shivered and looked hungry. Turning to his secretary, the old man said gruffly:

"Spend $20,000 during the next twenty-four hours on people that are cold and hungry." He remained still a moment and then added:

"Tell the boys not to ask any foolish questions when they give the money away."

A Little Touch of Royalty

IT FALLS to the lot of few men to have been, in succession, president of the New York Stock Exchange, of the New York Clearing House Association and of the New York Chamber of Commerce. New York business holds no higher gifts. Yet all three of these distinctions have come to J. E. Simmons, president of the Fourth National Bank, which rears its venerable head on Nassau Street, just outside the pale of Wall Street. But Mr. Simmons has had another unique distinction, and this is the story of it:

He is a very high Mason, and once, while filling the office of Grand Master of the New York Grand Lodge, he paid a visit to England. He was invited to visit the lodge of which the Prince of Wales (now King Edward) is a member. The Prince is Perpetual Grand Master of the English Grand Lodge. When the lodge session was over, and the time came to go to the banquet which had been prepared, Mr. Simmons noticed that there was considerable uneasiness among the brethren. Finally he asked what was the matter. He was told this:

"You are the only Mason present of equal Masonic rank with the Prince, and there is some question as to who shall go in first."

"Why," replied Mr. Simmons, "I am only a plain American. Let the Prince go in first."

At this juncture the Prince came up and, taking the Wall-Street banker by the arm, said: "We will go in together."

WHEN THE FLAG FALLS

Batty Logan, of "the Track," Meets the Queen and Comes a Fall

BY JACQUES FUTRELLE

AUTHOR OF THE CHASE OF THE GOLDEN PLATE, THE THINKING MACHINE

There You Will Find the "Wise Ones"

THAT is Batty Logan that slender little chap there with his cap pulled down over his eyes. No, the one in the red sweater just this side of the stout woman with the diamonds. He used to be a tout, and before that a jockey; has lived on the race-track all his life, and all that sort of thing. He has made a good deal of money in the last year or so—fifty or sixty thousand dollars, perhaps—but he has known what it is to be hungry. All the race-track regulars have known that; it's part of the game. Batty is just like a thousand others around you, except perhaps a little more so, and now his ship happens to be in.

He is an integral part of all this seething, chattering mass; and they are all mad, men and women alike, with the lust of gold. They are gamblers, every one of them, from the little shopgirl there with the flushed cheeks and innocent blue eyes, to the broken old man leaning against the rail yonder. This immaculate young fellow to the right here is a clerk in a broker's office; and the handsome, overdressed woman bending forward from the box to speak to him is the wife of a millionaire. She used to be a chorus girl; now she thinks he might "know something."

Interest languishes now for a moment among the spectators. The third race has been run and it will be twenty minutes before the post call for the handicap. From far down, past the field stand where the yellow track swerves into the stretch, on past us and beyond the paddock, there is, outwardly at least, a breathing spell—a few minutes of comparative calm. Here and there the waving sea of color is broken into groups; for instance, there are three men exultingly recounting the last race. They won. And that miserly chap over there. See his roll of banknotes! He won, too. Yonder, and beyond and beyond, are those who lost. Their faces are solemn, most of them, and some are white and drawn. One might conjure up all sorts of comedies and tragedies out of their varying expressions.

But this momentary pause is only in the grandstand. There are two places on the track where a breathing spell is never felt, where there is always a turbulent hurrying. One is the paddock; the other is the betting ring. The paddock is up this way—those buildings where the flags are flying. There the horses are prepared for the races. They are rubbed, caressed, coddled and sworn at; and saddled and bridled! There you will find the "wise ones"—owners, trainers, jockeys, stable-boys. Possibilities are eternally under discussion, sometimes in cautious whispers and at other times in loud-mouthed blatancy. There is some knavery there, too.

And the betting ring? That is below us—down under the grandstand. That is where the bookmakers are—dozens of them—shrewd-faced, coatless, perspiring. Beating everlastingly against the line of stools, which are their business offices, is a waving, crushing line of gambling-mad men and boys. From end to end the vast inclosure is packed. Occasionally there come swift, eddying rushes on the stools as waves splash against rocks. The bookmakers take the money—that is their business. Generally they keep it.

From the yellow track the crowd down there catches the quick spud-spud of a horse's hoofs as a contender for the handicap is warmed up. All over there is a craning of necks and a ripple of hand-clapping when the horse is recognized as the favorite. Then the horse is led away, anticipation grows keener, the chattering breaks out afresh from a momentary hush, and secret consultations, mysterious whispered things, are renewed. Then comes the clangor of the bell—clear the track! A sprinkling-cart lumbers by, wetting down the stretch, and the betting ring becomes a raging vortex. It is the last chance for a wager. Voices are raised now, and there is the rancor of excitement in them all.

A brazen bugle blares! The note trills out over grandstand and paddock and stirs one's blood strangely. It is the call to the post. In a minute, now, the horses will pass us on parade—see, there they come from the paddock now, on to the track. The wind-whipped sleeves of the brilliant-hued jockeys snap and flutter; the horses turn and gallop off to the start. Watch the crowd rush out from the betting ring to grandstand and rail; here are the bookmakers, those men with the stools and field-glasses. Every eye is on the writhing, wriggling horses as they line up in front of the starter. Then comes the vicious snap of the elastic barrier, the fall of the flag, the official clatter of the judges' bell and the muffled rush of feet.

"They're off!"

There is a stringing out of colors on the yellow track as the horses hammer along into the back stretch, a suppressed roar from the grandstand, an instant's breathless silence. Watch the faces of all these people—did you ever see anything like it? There come the horses around the turn into the stretch; now they are straightening out for home. Here is where the jockey does his work. There is a frenzied shrieking of favorites' names which grows insistently as the horses come on; men and women are standing. You see they are all mad. The horses flash under the wire; the race is run and won. Half a million dollars changed hands on the result. Listen at them chatter! This is the race-track—the breath in the nostrils of Batty Logan.

"Do You Happen to Know Any Horse Here that Looks at All Like Don Pedro?"

I

"HONEST, Beau, I ain't seen you since Methuselah was a kid in short pants." And Batty Logan cordially gripped the hand I offered. "On the level, you do me lamps good. Fleshin' up some, eh? I guess it don't agree with you to be a Benedict? An' how is the goddess—the—the Benedictine, as it were? The goddess!" Batty repeated reminiscently, for once he had temporarily fallen a victim to the mystic eyes which now held me permanently enthralled.

"The goddess," and I smiled a little, too, at a recollection of some months before, "is in excellent health and spirits and sent her best regards. How are tricks? How is the world treating you?"

"Split silk, Beau, split silk," Batty responded. "I haven't a murmur, not a cheep. Things is a little dull, though, now."

"Nothing doing to-day?" I asked. "Don't you know something?"

"Oh, me gran'mother!" exclaimed Batty in cheerful derision. "I guess, perhaps, the goddess needs a new pair o' shoes, eh? Beau, I don't know nothin'. My brain is a vacuous hole. There ain't enough in it to fill baby's thimble."

Now, I had known Batty for a long time; therefore I had reason to doubt the absolute accuracy of such a statement. I looked at him accusingly.

"Just between us," I urged.

"Nothing to it, Beau," said Batty earnestly. "I think I've lost me grip. I thought I had a good thing the other day, but the bookies yanked the earth out from under me and put a crimp in me bank-roll that you could crawl into. A day or so before that I got away with five thou' on a three-legged goat—but, oh, Laura! If they didn't get it back! Well!"

We strolled over and negotiated the purchase of two fat, black cigars.

"It ain't like it used to be, Beau," Batty resumed. "Remember the time the buggy old nut came up from Tennessee with The Gray Ghost? Them was the days! Maybe we didn't make the bookies googly-eyed—me an' you an' the Colonel. Remember when the Colonel packed up the horse an' shipped him back to Tennessee with the nigger? Money! After he got the coon an' the horse in the box-car, there was just enough room to crowd in his bank-roll. And me! I hocked me clock for forty real bones and plunged. On the two races I got twenty-seven thou'. Honest, I'm ashamed to talk about it. Oh, me! Oh, my! Oh, mamma!"

"I remember very distinctly."

"An' that other time," Batty continued, "when the goddess used to come down with you? Gee, Beau! The first time I ever see her it nearly puts me lamps out. An' didn't I get mushy about it, eh? Remember, you had to take me over an' pump ice-water on me head? My, but I was sloppy weather!"

And thus we chatted on for a time. Batty's attention was finally attracted by some one tugging at his sweater. He glanced around and accepted from a small boy a sealed envelope. He ripped it open and drew out a sheet of white paper. I was somewhat surprised to see that it was blank.

"New system of wordless correspondence," Batty explained to me with a grin. "I did have a hunch that we might fry an egg on the fifth race, but this is what the trainer says," and he exhibited the blank sheet. "Honest, Beau, if things don't brace up pretty soon I'll have to go to work. Can you see me behind the lace counter?"

We wandered out into the open space in front of the grandstand and watched the running of the next race with a perfunctory interest. When the winner's number was run up, Batty looked at it in disgust.

"Now, wouldn't that give you a pain?" he demanded. "That skate has been out five times in the last three weeks,

and every time he finished so far back the track hands had to go shoo him off with a broom so they could run the next race. An' now he win! The longer I study it, Beau, the less mamma's little boy knows about it. If ever there was a dog with a yellow stripe, he's it. An' he win!"

"Isn't some of these Willie-boys who wear red sweaters the fresh things?" inquired some one behind us.

It was a girl's voice. I glanced around involuntarily. She was in a box directly behind us, not more than three feet away, and while the remark had evidently been addressed to a girl companion she was gazing steadily at the back of Batty's head. He had not deigned to turn, but was looking away across the race-track.

"Mame has a day off from the ribbon counter," he remarked to me easily.

"You wouldn't think," continued the girl to her companion, "that these Noo Yawk Willies would be so fresh, living right here by the salt water. We have real gents in Chicago."

"Cas-as-ash!" called Batty softly.

"Isn't red sweaters becomin' to some styles of beauty?" came the girl's voice again, followed by a giggle.

"Thirty-seven cents a yard, mam, an' it's the handsomest in State Street," Batty went on.

I hooked my arm through his and led him away. A dozen yards off he half turned and looked at the girl for the first time. She was leaning forward with her elbows on the rail, smiling derisively. Her hair was piled high in orderly disorder and was surmounted by a large picture hat. Batty stared at her with growing admiration in his face.

"Gee, Beau! If she comes from Chicago the town's lookin' up, eh? Why, she looks like she might belong. Wait a minute."

He turned squarely, tilted his black cigar at an acute angle and stared at her frankly. There was a taunting smile about her lips; but, as he continued to stare, it gave way to a cold haughtiness. Wholly unabashed, Batty satisfied his curiosity and then we walked on together. Batty, always susceptible, was in a sort of trance.

"Well," I said finally, "four races have been run, and I haven't had a bet down. Let's go on something in the next."

"Beau, did you notice them glims?" Batty demanded suddenly. "I'll bet she couldn't tell you things with them in she wanted to? Oh, no!"

"But this fifth race ——" I suggested.

"An' did you pipe her mouth?" Batty continued. "Just a bunch o' dimples with real teeth in it."

"Do you think Sweetwater has a chance to ——"

"An' her complexion, Beau!" Batty rushed on. "It's just like—just like ——" and words failed him as he turned again and gazed at her in a rhapsody. "Gee, *ain't* she a beaut, though?" he burst out enthusiastically. "A regular lallakerzazzer! Me for her in a minute," and he started away.

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"I'm goin' up to tell her my name is B. Logan an' ask her what hers is," Batty explained.

"But do you think it would be quite ——" I began in protest.

"Aw, quit your kiddin', Beau—I'm busy!"

And Batty was gone.

II

IT WAS several days before I saw Batty again. Then he was in the box with the girl, leaning forward and gracefully buzzing into her ear. Their interest in each other was so evident that I didn't intrude. Batty did deign to jerk his cap at me as I passed, but I was not invited to join them, and wandered off into the betting ring with my nose out of joint. It was just before the second race that Batty clapped me on the shoulder.

"Well, how is it coming on?" I asked.

"Beau, ain't she a beaut?" he queried. "She's a queen! Maxine Russell and Lillian Elliot to the tall, tall pines when she sails into the offin'. You never noticed her hands, I guess? Say, Beau, she's got a left flipper that's just made to hang diamonds on. There ain't but one other in the world like it—and that's her right. And, if you don't watch out, your Uncle Fuller'll have a spark on that heart-digit that'll make the sun black."

"What?" I asked. "So soon?"

"I'll get it there all right, all right, if she ain't lookin'," Batty grinned. "I seen her first, an' let me tell you, Beau, she ain't shied at me face yet. I know it's an awful thing to take aroun' an' talk to a lady with, but if she can stand it I can."

Gert

I put one hand on Batty's shoulder, and backed him up into a corner out of the whirling crowd.

"I suppose you're going to take me up and introduce me?" I said sternly.

"Sure," said Batty, without enthusiasm.

"Right now?" I insisted.

"Surest thing you know, Beau, but"—and Batty's tone dropped a little apprehensively—"you ain't goin' to say nothin' about the—the goddess?"

"No," I promised.

Batty poked me jovially in the ribs.

"If she ever heard about that—that other thing, Beau," he assured me, "it's seven dollars to a doughnut she'd have me up a tree in five minutes. Jealous? Well, say! I took her out to feed last night, an' somehow me eye slipped, an' I winked at the waitress. Oh, Laura! You should have seen the balloon go up. You know how I licked Kid Sears? Well, I thought for a minute I was goin' to get it back. I bet she could hit me so hard that next Friday'd be to-morrow—there wouldn't be no Tuesday an' Wednesday an' Thursday."

"I shouldn't think," I ventured, "that it would be pleasant to have so jealous a woman around the house."

"Why, Beau, it's stealin' candy from babies. As long as they're jealous it's all right. Come on. Let's get a pike down on this race. I know a skate that ought to get in some time this afternoon if she starts early. She ain't worth more'n a tenner, though. I'm puttin' the queen on for a five speck," and he jerked his head toward the grandstand.

We made our modest bets and then Batty led me away in triumph to the box. Just beyond the hearing of the young woman he stood on his toes and whispered to me:

"Don't mention the goddess, on your life."

"I won't," I assured him.

We entered the box.

"Gert—friend o' mine!" said Batty, with a graceful wave of his hand. "Beau—Gert! Ain't she the goods!"

The girl tapped Batty playfully with her fan.

"My, but you are fresh!" she said reprovingly. I bowed low over the hand she offered me, then took a seat. "Are you beatin' 'em?" she queried politely.

"I wasn't on the first," I told her. "I've got Diana straight and place in this. Who do you like?"

"Diana in a walk," she responded. "Spider Sullivan has the leg, and that's good for a pike by itself. Diana all the way—a procession!"

I glanced at Batty inquiringly. Here was wisdom in the ways of the track. His face was flushed with pride.

"Gert don't know a thing about horses," he explained. "Oh, no! Not a thing! Follow her dope, Beau, an' you'll have diamond headlights in your bubble!"

"So few young ladies know anything about horses," I apologized. "I remember one case of a young lady who ——"

Batty shot a warning glance in my direction.

"Gee, Beau," he exclaimed suddenly. "Pipe the long guy there with the pink whiskers! Remember him? He's Jim Reed, the fellow whose horse Kid Sears rode that day I had to lick him. Wonder what he's doin' here?"

The girl only glanced in the direction he had indicated, then she turned to me.

"You was sayin' something about a young lady ——" she began.

"There's the bugle!" exclaimed Batty quickly, and he nervously mopped his handkerchief across his brow.

Our attention was centred on the race-track. In the excitement of winning fifty dollars between us there was no further reference to the young lady. Batty and I went down to the betting ring together to collect.

"Didn't I tell you, Beau," he expostulated, "not to mention the goddess? You simply mustn't *think* women around her; she gets peevish about 'em. I thought for a minute we were goin' to have another balloon ascension."

"I'm sure I had no intention of arousing Miss—Miss—by the way, what *is* her name? I didn't catch it?"

"Gert," responded Batty tersely. "Ain't it a peach of a handle, eh? Beau, she's a queen."

"But her last name?"

"Gee, I don't know," said Batty. "I guess she's got one, but I never thought of it." He stared at me blankly for a moment, and grinned. "Wouldn't I have been the red-hot member to send for the marriage license, eh? Miss Gert an' Mr. Bat. Oh, me gran'mother!"

We loitered in the betting ring for a time and then started back for the grandstand.

"The queen says she has aces up with ice cream on 'em in this next race," Batty volunteered. "She's a wizard at pickin' the ripe ones! Talk about me in me pammy days! An' no rail-roostin' for her at four A. M. neither, Beau."

"Where does she get her information?" I inquired.

"Forget it, Beau, forget it! You know how the goddess used to stick her hatpin through the program? Well, I guess it's somethin' like that—she just guesses right."

We walked up the steps and along the aisle toward the box. Batty stopped suddenly and gripped my arm.

"There's Pink Whiskers talkin' to Gert," he exploded violently. "I wonder ——"

His teeth were clenched tightly and his eyes blazed with anger. He started forward, but I held on grimly.

"Now wait a minute," I advised.

"I don't see where Jim Reed gets on," Batty panted fiercely. "He's the crookedest crook that ever walked on a race-track. I think it's just about up to me to poke a hole in his block."

"What for?" I asked. "You don't know anything at all about it. Perhaps he knows her. Surely no harm is done by him speaking to her. There he goes now. Stop a minute and cool off."

Batty jerked away from my detaining hand and ran toward the box. Reed passed on along the aisle and down the steps into the betting ring. I was immediately behind Batty when he stepped into the narrow inclosure and faced the girl.

"Jim Reed was talkin' to you," he burst out accusingly. "Who told him to butt in?"

"My, but you *are* fresh," said the girl quietly, cuttingly. She turned to me. "Did you cash in?" she inquired.

Batty silently handed over her share of the winnings, then stood for an instant glowering at her. I tried, with a gesture, to stop the explosion which I knew was coming.

"Me an' Jim Reed can't stay together in the same block," he said slowly, at last. "If he said somethin' to you that he shouldn't I'll go down an' mess his face all over the bettin'

(*Continued on Page 9*)

"Gert, I'm a Shine!" Batty Began Valiantly

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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Wherefore This Gloom?

MAY we never outrage all propriety by throwing firecrackers among the mourners. Yet, as to a numerous band whose lamentations now strike our ears, we feel bound to reserve some doubts—knowing, from Hamlet, that a man may simulate grief. We note their customary suits of solemn black and windy suspirations of forced breath, the ever-fruitful river in their eyes and the dejected havior of their visages. But—is it possible that Mr. Hill just then winked at Mr. Ripley?

It is true that the stock market is in the dumps—which, with a view to the general good of the country, is the most hopeful of all possible positions for it. For the first five months of this year bank clearings in the United States outside of New York City showed an increase of 9¾ per cent., and gross earnings of railroads increased 9¾ per cent. The May output of pig-iron was the biggest ever known; individual deposits in national banks the largest ever reported. In the five months, big corporations planned new issues of stocks, bonds and notes to the amount of three-quarters of a billion—which indicates that there is some capital available.

The wheat crop is short; the cotton condition indifferent; a number of States have passed two-cent-fare laws. But no one needs to view the prospect through a glass darkly unless he wishes to. We hear that the Adams Express Company declared its two-hundred-per-cent. dividend because it was so blue about coming under the supervision of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Most of us could stand a good deal of melancholy which repressed itself in that form. We even hear that capital cannot endure restraints; that it will not operate at all except upon its own terms. Experience abundantly proves the falsity of this. If it were true, there would be no alternative to socialism.

The Making of Cripples

IN THIS year of grace a certain per cent. of all the workmen on railroads and in mills will be disabled, temporarily or permanently, by accidents which no prudence on their own part could have averted. Some of them will be hurried into the company hospital, visited by the company claim-agent and persuaded to settle for a nominal sum. Some will go to a contingent-fee lawyer and, after two years of litigation, receive a fraction of the amount awarded them by the jury. Others will be barred from any recovery whatever because the negligence of some "fellow-servant" whom they never saw contributed to the accident. Finally, a great part of the loss of earning power which results from these constant accidents will fall entirely upon the workman himself and his wife and children.

As accident is a constant factor of machine industry, the President thinks that the loss ought to be borne by the industry itself, and not by the hapless worker and his still more hapless dependents. He would have the loss adjusted and assessed to the company, and not compel the victim to maintain a long, costly lawsuit that is sure to eat up a good part of the recovery.

The single weighty objection to this happens to be voiced by a distinguished railroad president. He says such a law as Mr. Roosevelt proposes would "broaden the market for fingers and toes." This typical view is evidently based upon a theory that the ruling passion of employees consists of a malevolent determination to get money out of the company without returning a due equivalent in labor. According to this theory, if recovery for bodily injury were made easy, rights-of-way would be simply strewn with the dissevered members of workmen. The ancient car of Juggernaut would be a mere pony-roller smoothing a lawn as compared with the progress of a locomotive through a switchyard, with brakemen, switchmen, yardmen and wipers all vying with one another to thrust their limbs under the wheels.

And it isn't that the railroads would mind the money! But how could they give the public a satisfactory service when, among all their employees, there was never a hand or a foot left?

Why Englishmen are Thankful

NOT long ago we read in a London dispatch, "Many Englishmen these days are thanking God for the House of Lords." And assuredly many have good reason.

We are reminded of that fact by current doubts as to what the upper chamber will do with the government's little land bill. That England has ceased to be an agricultural country is well known. Only twenty per cent. of the wheat consumed in the United Kingdom is grown at home. The rest is imported. Last year the Kingdom bought over a hundred millions dollars' worth of our meats.

That England could be starved into submission should she lose command of the seas has often been pointed out. At various times a system of huge national warehouses in which to store imported food-stuffs against need in war has been proposed. Some rural districts have already lost most of their population to the cities. Only a third of the tillable land is in crops.

The government proposes, in effect, to acquire land suitable for agriculture, by purchase or condemnation proceedings, and parcel it out in small holdings. To this purpose it would devote one hundred thousand pounds.

Obviously, a hundred thousand pounds' worth of land reform would not go very far. But it is deemed doubtful whether the House of Lords, for which Providence is thanked, will sanction even so tiny a revolution. It might prove but an opening wedge—to be followed possibly by interference with that beautiful scheme of taxation under which the pleasure preserves of the great landholders pay scarcely anything, and tracts which are now in the metropolitan district of London are still valued for taxation as though they were vacant fields.

Were we an opulent English landlord, we should certainly be thankful for the House of Lords.

The Man Behind Schmitz

WE ARE not particularly enthusiastic over the conviction of Mayor Schmitz, of San Francisco. It is well, of course, to detect and punish this weak, incompetent boodler; but it is merely a local matter. We do not believe that, in itself, it will have any effect in the way of discouraging bribery elsewhere.

Men like Schmitz have neither the brains nor the character to make a condition. They will always shape themselves to whatever condition is made for them. Like jellyfish, they go with the tide.

Another man of Schmitz's sort will be dishonest whenever corruption surrounds him. He will not be deterred by Schmitz's example, his nature being to yield to the nearest influence. Nor is Reuf, the abler villain, of more than minor importance.

The San Francisco supervisors confessed that they were bribed to grant certain franchises. The money to bribe them must have come from the favored corporations; and it must have been a deliberate investment for profit. Somebody, high in authority, must have known that money was going for bribery and have sanctioned it, expressly or tacitly.

Unless Prosecutor Heney's campaign uncovers that person and puts him in the penitentiary, it will have been of only local importance. It will have forged no sword to arm every other city against a condition which always, actively or potentially, threatens it.

There is no city in which some corporation could not discover an avenue to profit in corrupting the local government. There is no extensive bribery in behalf of a corporation, such as was confessed to in San Francisco, but some man, high up and absolutely free to choose between honesty and villainy, deliberately and in cold blood wills that the bribery shall be committed.

To set up an example in San Francisco which shall deter men in such a position from willing in the wrong way will be an achievement of very great general importance and value.

"Smoke, Nothing but Smoke!"

"LET a dozen Englishmen meet," wrote Turgenieff a generation ago, "and they will begin to talk about the submarine telegraph or the tax on paper—of something practical and definite. But let a dozen Russians come together, and instantly there springs up the question of the significance and the future of Russia, all in general terms, beginning with creation, without facts or conclusions. They worry and worry away at that unlucky subject as children chew on a bit of India rubber."

The bitterest words about Russia are to be found in the pages of the great novelist, who assuredly loved her well, and who as surely loved liberty not less. Without initiative, he said, her only distinctive products, the samovar, bast shoes and the knout, were borrowed from the East. His nearest approach of optimism seems to have consisted of a vague hope of the common people. "Never mind if there are swarms of all sorts in Russia," says Paklin at the end of Virgin Soil. "Never mind that; but let me tell you that our only true way lies with the Solomins: coarse, plain, shrewd Solomins!"

Turgenieff's pessimism comes irresistibly to mind in these days. The second Douma, elected under a restrictive suffrage, has been kicked out of doors for opposing the bureaucracy, some of its members arrested, others chased out of the country. The electoral law has been cast aside and suffrage further restricted to such a degree as, in the opinion of the administration, will insure a subservient Douma next fall. There can be no possible mistake about the bureaucratic intention. The government, in effect, gives notice that it will accept a "representative" Douma which will do as it is told, and no other.

By successively dissolving such parliaments as prove refractory, and further restricting the suffrage at each election, the ministers will, of course, eventually secure an acceptable "popular branch." Will this farce of constitutional government amuse the Russian people? How accurately did Turgenieff judge his countrymen, or what change has a generation wrought in them?

"Smoke! All seems forever changing, on all sides new forms, phantoms flying after phantoms, while, in reality, it is all the same and the same again. Smoke, nothing but smoke!" Such is the concluding summary of the best of his political novels.

Prosperity and Music

WE DO not make a practice of printing letters to the editor on this page. Usually, we are able to think up subjects for ourselves; and, when we cannot do that, we feel perfectly free to write a second time upon the same subject. As for critical epistles, we are always delighted to get such comment from our subscribers, and we try honestly, although fallibly, to profit by them; but we don't generally see the necessity of passing them along to the rest of our readers. On the other hand, if people do not know how great and virtuous we are, we can tell them in the first person—which is certainly more authoritative than any statement by a mere outsider could be. But we make an exception of the following:

"KANSAS CITY, June 20, 1907.

"*Editor of The Saturday Evening Post:*

"Has prosperity beneficially affected the cultivation of music in the United States? Many say that it has, pointing to the success of the Thomas Orchestra in Chicago, New York's two flourishing grand-opera organizations, Madame Nordica's proposed American Beyreuth, and so on. But true growth must be from the bottom upward.

"Twenty years ago, I lived in the trans-Missouri country, and have just revisited it for the first time since then. Going out, I met an old friend, of this city, who formerly did a large business selling cottage organs to farmers on the installment plan. Naturally, I asked him how the organ trade was. He said that, in the last six or seven years, you couldn't give organs to farmers, and his house was now exclusively engaged in selling them grand and upright pianos, usually with a mechanical-player attachment, and often with a large phonograph to sing accompaniments. Arriving at the old homestead, I found this statement to be literally true.

"Every man to his taste, of course; but give me the old farm organ, bought on the installment plan. When a mere lad, sitting in the gloaming, with mother at the pedal, I imbibed my love of music from its low, mournful, slightly asthmatic tones. Its airs were almost always of a slow, solemn character—rapidity of action too often resulting in an accident to the bellows. This gave the music a chance to sink in and permeate one thoroughly. The occasional martial air came in a series of fierce and surprising snorts, so to speak, suggesting the fiery war-horse, and all the more inspiring because in such marked contrast to the customary effect of gentle, long-drawn-out melancholy. To master this instrument, moreover, required much patient study and practice.

"Now, they have an upright piano, with a mechanical player, and there are nothing but quick, jiggly tunes from one week's end to another. My niece, aged twelve, rushes in from basketball, turns on the mechanical player, rattles off a two-step and runs out to finish the game. Nobody takes music seriously.

"When mother played the organ you had to take it seriously. True growth must be from the bottom upward. Has prosperity really benefited music?

"Yours truly,

"A —— B ——"

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Advance Agent of America

AMERICAN diplomacy is of the shirt-sleeve kind, and, occasionally, we do a job of diplomatizing with both coat and waistcoat off. Obviously, therefore, our diplomatists must have shirts, for it would never do to have one of our ambassadors or ministers to a foreign land tackle a great international difficulty in his balbriggans.

When John Barrett, then Minister to Panama, wrote home, not complainingly, but with a sincere desire to let the country know the difficulties which beset his path, that shirts in Panama cost thirteen dollars apiece, the Cabinet took cognizance of the statement and discussed it, not because thirteen is an unlucky number, but because a diplomatist is in hard case who has to pay thirteen dollars for each one of those unobtrusive—in some cases—but necessary articles of wearing apparel he uses, especially so as the wages of diplomatists do not contemplate anything better in the shirt line than $1.65, marked down from $2.

It was agreed that Minister Barrett's wail was just, for the man does not live who can get a thirteen-dollar shirt past the auditor of the State Department in an expense bill, no matter what his standing as a diplomatist may be. There was some little discussion of this important topic important to Barrett, at any rate—and opposition developed from a Cabinet member or two who took the shirt problem to be one of the penalties of the job. President Roosevelt was enthusiastically for Barrett.

"If," he said, "shirts that fit Barrett cost thirteen dollars apiece, how much would Taft have to pay if he was there?"

Everybody laughed but Taft, who knew, and the President brought John Barrett home and made him Director of the Bureau of American Republics, after he had allowed him the privilege of riding muleback up to Bogota as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States of Colombia.

A Hint at the Right Moment

THE Bureau of American Republics is an institution maintained in Washington to promote trade, commerce, good will, pleasant relations and a few other things between the United States and such governments in Central and South America as are not in hiding out in the tall grass. Every country is supposed to have a voice in the conduct of the Bureau's affairs; but, usually, they are all quite hoarse when it comes time to do the talking, and the United States does not hear them distinctly. They all vote for the Director, who, as is arranged in the organic law of the institution, is a man selected by the votes of the entire outfit. Just so there may be no mistakes, the United States always tells the gentlemen from our sister republics whom to vote for, and provides the ballots. This does away with annoying delays and provokes a unanimity that is desirable in the great work of the Bureau.

Until recently, the duties of the Director of the Bureau have consisted, in large part, in issuing a neat little brochure at regular intervals, discussing in light and airy terms—half of the terms in Spanish and half in English—such engrossing questions as the tariff on hides and the best way to get bananas to market, and in being ready, at instant call, to speak or write concerning the great future of our vari-colored brethren to the south of us.

As Mr. Barrett can write eloquently on any two topics at one and the same time, using both hands with equal facility, and as it is no trick at all for him to talk—in fact, it may be said to be much more of an effort for him not to talk—he soon cast about for something else to do to occupy his time. With an inspiration rarely equaled, he decided to invent a flag for the Bureau, a banner to be thrown to the breeze to wave above the home of the Bureau and announce, with its shimmering folds, that here is carried on the great work of educating the Latins in the immortal principle that it is far better for them to spend three dollars with us than it is for us to spend one dollar with them.

The flag was unfurled a short time ago with appropriate ceremonies, including a speech by Mr. Barrett. It is long and pointed, befitting the purpose for which it was designed—the pointed end being for the Latins—and resembles in color a rum omelet that has been in collision with a ribbon counter. It typifies much, Mr. Barrett said, but he was quite annoyed when some thirsty persons, seeing the letters B. A. R. that are so prominent on it, surged into the Bureau and demanded mint juleps.

When it was unfurled, there was a speech by Mr. Barrett, as has been mentioned. There always is a speech by

John Barrett, Who Believes that Speech is Golden

Mr. Barrett. No occasion is complete without a speech by Mr. Barrett, and Barrett is never complete without a speech. He took the prize for oratory at Dartmouth College years ago, and since that time has labored under the conviction that the judges meant it.

Impressed with the idea long years ago that language is golden, his naturally businesslike mind recently brought that idea up to date. "Language," said he, "is two-dollar bills," which is a thought that must appeal to persons who are not troubled with congestion of the vocabulary, which Mr. Barrett is not.

He proved it, too, and at his own expense.

They were raising money in Washington for one of the local universities. Barrett was at a dinner where the project was discussed. He said he would pay two dollars a minute into the fund for every minute he talked. Then he talked fifty-five minutes. There is no reason why he could not have talked fifty-five hours or fifty-five days, except his early training. He was born in Vermont, where they never do things—with two-dollar bills tied on them—in extremes.

Always a "Personality"

BARRETT went West when he finished college, went as far as he could, and landed in California. He was a newspaper man out there and a teacher, and in 1894 was appointed, from Oregon, Minister to Siam by President Cleveland. He retired in 1898, went to the Philippines, returned and made speeches, and in 1902 began to be a diplomatist again—officially, of course, for he never ceased to be one personally, as is evidenced by the fact that his 1902 appointment came from President Roosevelt, who sent him as Minister to Argentina. After that came Panama and Colombia, and now Washington has him.

The President wanted to send him to Japan, but the Japanese made some inquiries, extremely tentative, of the State Department along these lines: "Will the honorable State Department of the august Republic of the Western Hemisphere deign to inform the abased and humble Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs what the illustrious and honorable John Barrett said on one particular occasion when he referred to the yellow races?"

It was merely an inquiry, but it showed Japan had heard something. Nobody knew quite what it was and, apparently, it did not worry Barrett, for he would not take the place. It did not interfere with his standing at home, for the President promptly gave Barrett another post.

Although he has been in the diplomatic game for a good many years and has had important posts, there is a disposition at the State Department to regard him as an advertiser, which is what he is in a great measure. He is the Advance Agent of America. It is quite likely he has known as much about the requirements of the Orient and of Central and South America as any man in the diplomatic service. It is also true that when he is advertising he incidentally throws in a few words about John Barrett, and that he is a ready adviser on all topics that pertain to statecraft. Still, when it is considered that advertising is quite as necessary as diplomacy at times, and more so at others, it will be seen that Barrett has his value. At any rate, he is constantly progressing from one important post to another, and there isn't so much sentiment about these things as some people imagine.

Barrett is a percolator. He intends to be and is the centre of everything that happens in his vicinity, from a congress of nations to a mass meeting in a tent. If he cannot get in the door he will get in the window, and if he cannot get in the window he will come down the chimney. He'll be there. He will have something to say. Far be it from him to remain silent when there is a voice to be lifted. He is always on the job.

"John Barrett is here," said a member at a Gridiron Club dinner.

"Why, you must be mistaken," said another. "I do not hear him."

The Privilege of Kicking

WHEN Colonel Bill Sterret first went to Washington to report the news of the Capitol for his Texas papers, he had desk room in the office of the late General H. V. Boynton, then the militant correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial.

General Boynton spoke out in meeting. He said things about statesmen that made the statesmen angry. He had many personal encounters with patriots whose feelings had been ruffled.

One night a man came into Boynton's office loudly proclaiming that he intended to shoot Boynton. The General grabbed a chair, beat the intruder over the head with it, knocked him down and threw him out. All this time Sterret sat at his desk looking on in great amazement.

When the man landed in the gutter Sterret came timidly over to Boynton. "General," he said, "being a new hand here I don't know the practices of this office nor the customs that pertain to Washington correspondents, and I didn't want to intrude. Now that I have seen what has happened I trust you will allow me a question?"

"Go ahead," said Boynton.

"When the next man comes in would it be too forward if I should crave the privilege of kicking him a few times in honor of the sainted Confederate dead?"

A Pull Without Pay

A SAN FRANCISCO dentist went to luncheon one day lately and sat at a big table with a dozen of his friends. He was silent and sad.

"What's the matter?" asked somebody.

"Why, I've had an ulcerated tooth, and yesterday it got so bad I had to pull it myself."

"Didn't you get relief?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then why this grouch?"

"Why this grouch? Because, you idiot, I once got $500 for treating a tooth just like that."

The Hall of Fame

¶ Scott C. Bone, editor of the Washington Herald, is another of those Indiana literary fellows. He comes from Shelbyville.

¶ H. E. Huntington, of Los Angeles, who owns the street-car lines there, is a book collector. His particular fad is early Spanish literature.

¶ President Roosevelt does not smoke, but he knows about good cigars and always has a lot of them at the White House for his friends.

¶ If Governor John A. Johnson, of Minnesota, is nominated for President by the Democrats—he has a small boom—all the Scandinavians will vote for him, for he is one of them.

¶ President Ripley, of the Santa Fe system, is enthusiastic about two things, the Grand Cañon and golf. He is thinking about laying out a nine-hole perpendicular course on the Corkscrew Trail.

¶ Senator Simon Guggenheim, of Colorado, intends to be a social leader in Washington. He has offered Millionaire Thomas F. Walsh $50,000 a year rental for the Walsh palace at the Capital.

¶ Samuel Hill, the son-in-law of James J. Hill, the railroad magnate, is trying to get a system of good wagon roads for the State of Washington and Montana, which fad has succeeded his former one of introducing jiu-jitsu into this country.

BY "WIRELESS"

A Sporting Proposition and a Trans-Atlantic Pursuit

By EDWIN BALMER

III

"PLACING me under arrest?" Preston demanded.

"Under arrest?" the girl echoed in her astonishment. "You mean, Captain——"

"I repeat," the captain said sternly, "personally, I greatly—very greatly—admire the simplicity with which he stole his own money as a preliminary for amply stealing ours. I will not now say," he said, turning to the girl, "whether he was capable of robbing you, his friend, or you capable of assisting this man. But in either case, I cannot but admire this whole arrangement which he brought about. No less do I admire his coolness and temerity in stealing, packing and then sending down to this ship his boxes and rug. I cannot say that he even overreached himself there—had he counted upon our 'wireless.' The task of identifying them at the dock in New York upon merely cabled instructions would have been colossal. But he had not counted upon our 'wireless,' and, however cleverly he played but for that, he must pay the penalty of his oversight. I am sincerely sorry that it appears to be so heavy a one.

"For, in the King's name, I arrest you, Mr. Preston-Manling, upon the twenty-seven charges here enumerated, ranging through all manner of house-breaking and grand larceny, the last one including the theft of that peculiarly distinctive plaid steamer-rug, herein accurately described, and also the leather traveling-box—Shibby, London, number 783, lock number 4721, also herein described and corresponding in every detail to your box in your cabin."

He turned to the girl, as Preston stood speechless.

"I am glad that this came up in your presence, Miss Varris. Unpleasant stories have connected you with this man's robberies. I do not believe them, my dear young lady. I see no reason to doubt that the man with this record," he smoothed the form in his hand, "would even have entered your room and taken the things of one who was good enough to befriend him, if it furthered his purpose. I am told that he was in a position to do you small service once or twice this summer when you were traveling with your mother in England, and that, therefore, you have done nothing more reprehensible than follow the dangerous practice of your country in making friends of acquaintances. It was necessary for you to know all this," he ended kindly, "so that you can henceforth govern yourself accordingly."

He waited a moment, as though he expected the girl to reply. Her face went white, and then red, as she looked at Preston. He had recovered himself and moved quickly to spare her.

"I am ready to go with you, Captain," he said.

"Wait," the girl commanded calmly. "I thank the captain," she said, half to the group which had gathered about, "for defending me and explaining for me that I have erred no more than in following the custom of my country in believing that my countrymen wherever met—even in England—are gentlemen.

"I have stood before you all here as this man's friend and he as mine. I am now put into the position before you all of practically declaring whether I believe him to be the man known as Manling, the professional thief. *I think it entirely absurd.*" She caught her breath.

"Mr. Preston happened to mention to me yesterday that he had to buy a new rug and trunk—oh, box, of course, I mean—at Southampton, just before sailing. Has it occurred to the captain, who professes to admire Mr. Manling so greatly, that Mr. Manling might have disposed of the stolen ones to Mr. Preston and had others delivered for himself aboard ship?"

"And that Mr. Manling also sold him his height, skin, eyes and hair?" the captain asked politely. "Wait; I will answer a Yankee question like a Yankee. Do you yourself believe that?"

"Really, a Police Examination, Added to Quarantine and Your Beastly Customs Inquisition, Would be the Final Straw"

The girl flushed. "No," she said.

"I forgot to mention," the captain said, "that the police state that they have identified the man they are after with the one of the same description who bought, under the name of Preston, the cabin of Mrs. A. H. Burrett. I think this is final."

"I am ready to go with you, Captain," Preston repeated patiently.

"But, Captain," Dunneston objected suddenly, as there was a pause; "Captain, really, don't you think that the fact that you have every reason to believe Mr. Preston is Manling is, in itself, quite the best reason for not putting him under arrest just yet?"

"The best reason, sir?" the captain demanded.

"Precisely," Dunneston answered unruffled, while some of those about laughed softly in anticipation. "Precisely, Captain. If he were not Manling, really it would make no difference; but if he is, it will quite spoil the interest in the pools—oh, quite. And you know that, moreover, we have really no evidence, as yet, that he is at all concerned in the taking of the pools.

"You, Captain, or rather the Scotland Yard, undoubtedly have all the evidence to sustain your case against him already; and if you let him go now you can, of course, retake him at any time; so give us a chance at him. I believe," he looked about the circle for support, "that if he keeps on taking the pools as successfully as he has started, and we ourselves cannot take him with them, the gentlemen will agree with me that we will make no charges against him, but rather leave him with the pools to use for his defense upon your charges. Under our agreement, which he has kept, and to maintain our sporting proposition, you should release him, Captain."

"And under the circumstances of an absurd mistake," Miss Varris persisted, "you, Captain, should release him and give him an opportunity to prove the mistake."

"Well," said the captain, "you want him released because you believe he isn't Manling," he said to the girl, "and you want him released because you believe he is," he said to the others. "Well," he shrugged, "take him!"

IV

"FIVE hundred shillings! Thank you. Do I hear five hundred and fifty? Remember, gentlemen, that any accident, however trivial, will require a slow-down and give this pool to low field—without suggesting any of the major accidents which will likewise make the purchaser of this most excellent chance the winner of thousands of shillings.

"And remember that with the winning of this pool you win also the privilege of the last trial against Mr. Manling," the voice of the amateur auctioneer floated out of the smoking-room deck windows, mingled with laughter.

"Come, gentlemen, this is the last pool of the voyage. Do I now hear six hundred shillings, or one hundred and fifty dollars? One hundred and fifty? Dollars? Thank you. Do I now hear six hundred and fifty shillings? Do I hear six hundred and fifty? No? Going, once!"—the bang of the hammer was audible even upon the deck. "Going, twice! Three times! The low field sold to Mr. Marsden for six hundred shillings.

"And now, gentlemen, last of all, as there will be no pool sold to-morrow night, since we will be off New York day after to-morrow, I sell the last opportunity for any one to win a pool during this trans-Atlantic voyage and—if Scotland Yard does its duty—the last chance any one will ever have to pit himself against Mr. Manling.

"I offer you the best chance of all—high field. You all know that the captain is trying to make record time, that the coal is the best Welsh variety and that the sea is smooth and the engines running without a hitch. It is really certain that high field will win, as it has . . . ."

Young Preston followed the new bidding mechanically, as he and Miss Varris seated themselves upon the deck without. He had bought one of the earliest numbers and then had broken from the smoke and closeness within for the clear freshness of that next to the last evening upon deck.

"Eight hundred shillings!" floated out.

"They are bidding it a bit higher than usual, aren't they?" the girl asked.

"Yes; as it is the last, there will probably be over five thousand shillings in this. But there were almost that many in the one won to-day."

"And to be stolen to-night?"

Preston shivered. "I guess so. He's got away with all of them so far. But let's not talk about it. It's not pleasant."

The girl was watching him curiously.

"Do you know," she said finally, "sometimes you—don't make *me* believe you are doing it, but you almost make me believe *you* believe you are doing it."

"Sometimes," Preston admitted, "if it doesn't involve my having robbed you, too, I almost think I do believe I do it. I'm sure I can't explain it upon any more rational hypothesis. I used to read in college about the *alter ego*, or the Latin for Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. And I'm about ready to accept it or anything which can explain how I—when I am sure I am not Manling or have done what he has done—can be described in the most perfect way by those on shore as Mr. Manling, and how I have the identical things they tell me he stole." He turned impulsively to the girl. "How you can believe in me, with all this against me, is beyond me!"

"Oh, I," the girl began teasingly, "I——"

"Twelve hundred shillings, once! Twice! For the last time, gentlemen, I give you opportunity to buy this most certain chance upon the best and last pool of the voyage. Twelve hundred shillings, three times! Sold! High field sold to Mr. Dunneston for twelve hundred shillings. Thank you. May you win the pool to-morrow, sir, and keep it from Mr. Manling!"

"Listen," the girl interrupted herself. "Mr. Dunneston's bought the high field."

"And I hope he'll win with it. It almost breaks his heart when he thinks that he hasn't had a chance to go against me—I mean Manling," Preston corrected, smiling quickly. "There I go again, you see," he explained. "When the whole shipboard impresses upon me momentarily that I am Manling, really it is almost impossible not to fall in with their point of view."

"The whole shipboard?" the girl asked.

"Did I say that?" Preston rebuked himself. "I meant only—all the others. Only all the others," he repeated. "You——" He caught himself quickly. "I mustn't say it now, I know. I mustn't try to tell you now how I—I appreciate you—the way you have treated me through all this business. I know I mustn't now. But I tell you, when this awful trip is over and I have had a chance to put myself right before you, I am going to you then and tell you!"

The men pouring out of the smoking-room were passing in twos and threes and finding places in the chairs beside the women upon the deck. Many of them grouped at the stern when the band was playing; but many more scattered themselves along the side rails and against the deck cabins opposite.

As they settled in couples all about, there came to them all the calm and peace of the smooth night sea. Above, the moon shone down steadily in a clear, bright ball, and from below, as you dropped your eyes, it glinted again from the sea in a thousand shining fragments.

In the deep shadow of one of the lifeboats hung in the davits, Preston and the girl drew back a little from the soft, silver light; and from their darkness all the rest of the ship and the other couples, even those that almost touched their feet as they passed, seemed separated and put far away.

The girl sighed contentedly as she lay back in her chair.

"This awful trip?" she repeated.

"You know how I meant that!" Preston charged. "But—listen!"

"It's God Save the King! The English are singing. Then they will play another verse so that we can sing America, if we want to, and it will be all over."

"You mean you must go in then? Can't you wait even a bit more?" Preston hesitated anxiously for an argument. "There's a Scotch girl down in the steerage with one of the

finest natural voices I ever heard. She has been singing the last few nights after you all have gone down, and you've been missing it. Can't you stay and hear her to-night?"

Miss Varris thought a moment. "If the other women stay," she said at last, "I'll wait, too—so as not to miss it."

The band had stopped and the bandmen were putting up their instruments, but the word seemed to have traveled along the deck, for no one got up except the few who, for the better hearing, moved down nearer the rail over the steerage deck.

"Look!" said Preston. "They are clapping for her now. The other night some of them—more Americans than English, I am ashamed to say—threw down money and she wouldn't sing. She is not that kind. You will understand when you hear her."

The clapping ceased suddenly, and through the silence which hushed over the deck a pure, sweet tone rose in the warm night air."

"It sounds like a flute!" Miss Varris whispered.

Preston smiled pleasedly. "No; it's her voice," he said, "a flute accompanying. They are keeping together on the same notes now; but pretty soon the flute will drop and you'll hear the words."

"—— *braes are bonnie, where a'rly fa's the dew* ——"

The flute, which had started with the air, sank into an accompaniment and the words came clearly.

"Oh, it's Annie Laurie!" Miss Varris exclaimed, as she lay back again. "It's Annie Laurie!"

"*Her brow is like the snaw drift, her throat is like the swan*——"

All along the deck, the listeners, as the verse came to an end, seemed to catch breath and hold it again as the voice began once more. Then, wondering and as if in awe itself of the spell it cast, the voice came more softly over the deck and relaxed the figures straining to listen. Head after head bent forward and those sitting side by side drew nearer together unconsciously.

"*Like the dew on th' gowan lying, is the fa' o' her fairy feet,*
——her voice is low and sweet——"

It came once more with a catch of the breath softly and sweetly and—as the wonderful, simple little love song always has—personally to each couple.

"——*and she's a' the world to me*——"

In the deep shadow of the lifeboat, Preston turned to the girl beside him, and she had turned to him.

As their eyes met, the blood mounted hot in him and beat in his finger-tips. High and clear above the flute, the girl's voice rang sweetly upon the last words. The eyes looking into his closed and opened to his again.

"When this—this trip is over"—the song came to an end, but no one about them moved or spoke—"and when I can have put myself right again," Preston continued, "I am going to—tell you, then. But, though I may not really say the words till then, I shall think of them always as belonging first to this moment—this moment here with you beside me in the shadow of this boat and with a little girl singing up to us from the deck below."

"Do you think," Preston just caught the words, "you must put yourself in the right -with me?"

About them no one had yet stirred, and in the shadow of the boat it was quite dark and apart. But, suddenly, a coarse, lumbering figure passed, stared directly into the shadow and stopped.

"Oh, hello, Mr. Manling!" The voice rolling over them recalled Preston to himself with a start. "Oh, pardon," the other mocked in drunken courtesy. "Mr. Dunneston told me I might find you here, but he didn't say you were with—your lady."

Preston had jumped to his feet.

"Well?" he demanded.

"I was only going to say," the other cringed a little, "that I won the pool today, as you probably know. My cabin is 341, and I'm ready for a visit from you any time!"

Preston laughed unpleasantly.

"I hope to accommodate you with a—visit," he said grimly, "as soon as I can return Miss Varris to the ladies."

Miss Varris found herself wondering at him a little, as he left her at the door of her companionway.

"Three-forty-one?" she repeated. "Why, that must be the cabin just beyond mine."

There was a light in it and some one moving about within as she entered the passage. As she opened the door of her own cabin, the occupant of the one beyond came out and went the other way, without coat or vest. He was quite clearly more under the influence of liquor than he was even the moment before.

Miss Varris shut her door and was arranging her things when some one passed her door from the direction she herself had come and entered the next cabin. She reopened her door hastily, turning out her light. The light in the passage, too, had been turned out; but she could see the man in the cabin beyond glancing down the passage in both directions as he came out.

He came opposite her door and stopped. There was a step behind him. The owner of three-forty-one had reentered from the other direction, and "Thief!" his thick voice bawled. "Thief! I left it here just a second and he got it. Thief!"

Running steps sounded on both ends of the passage, and with a sudden, violent start Miss Varris recognized the one who had stopped before her door and now stood there irresolute. The steps sounded nearer, and, with a sudden impulse, almost before she herself knew what she did, she threw her door wide open and caught in the man without.

The running steps met together as her door closed and scattered rapidly away again.

"You!" Miss Varris cried. "You! You!"

She had turned on her light again, and Preston, as he read her accusation, drew back from her hopelessly.

"And five minutes after!" she cried.

He turned out the light and, as she opened the door, went out into the empty passage.

"Well, he got away with it again!" the breakfast-table greeted Miss Varris almost pointedly, it seemed to her, as she came in late the next morning.

"Well, he got away with it again!" her nodding acquaintances met her with upon the deck.

"Really, he seems to have got quite away with it again," Dunneston finally hailed her, as he caught step with her as she paced the deck alone. "And really, you know," he continued admiringly, "I quite almost wish it were only possible for him to get away with this 'wireless,' too. Actually, it seems to me he deserves it. I understand, of course, that he did not require great cleverness to get the pool last night; but yet he had to be clever to know precisely when to get it. And I do wish he could beat the 'wireless.' But they have only to press a little key, you know, and—tick! spark jumps across and talks to ship four hundred miles off and ship sends on message or sends back answer."

"I Mustn't Try to Tell You Now How I—I Appreciate You—the Way You Have Treated Me Through All This Business"

"Are we in communication this morning?" Miss Varris asked, glad of any chance to change the subject.

"With the Salvadore and the St. Petersburg, both eastbound. The St. Petersburg is now passing us on the south, about a hundred and fifty miles off; but the Salvadore is between us and land—the American side now, of course. We picked her up about three hundred miles away, just as she had lost land directly. Operator says atmospheric absorption of electric waves is very strong this morning; but, as it's improving, he hopes Salvadore may pick up the land again before she gets too far off to communicate with her height mast.

"We can't get anything just yet, anyway," the Englishman continued, as the girl looked up toward the "wireless" room, which they were just passing, "as operator isn't there now. But listen," he corrected, as they halted and a faint plu-ush-plu-sh became audible. "He *is* back and we must have been getting a message from somewhere. The Salvadore must have picked up the land again and got us our message. That is the 'wireless' for 'Thank you,' I believe," the Englishman explained.

"I hope it's not that which is exciting the captain," the girl said, wondering at the flutter of apprehension within her as she looked down the deck. "Look; he and the second officer again, and the purser. And—who are they stopping there?" she demanded suddenly.

"I say," the Englishman cried, "but they seem to be arresting Mr. Preston! But, I say, they promised not to do that, unless we caught him with the pools, till New York!"

"Perhaps," the girl felt herself weaken suddenly, "perhaps they caught him with the pool!"

"What?" Dunneston asked.

"You're an idiot, Captain," Preston's words came excitedly as the group drew nearer. "Heavens, Captain!" he was objurgating, "I say, do anything you well please with *me*, but don't drag a girl into this fool's business! *I* can stand the racket, I say, till this crazy trip is over, when I'll show you what asses you all are," he went on diplomatically; "but *don't* be jacks enough to disgrace a girl by dragging her into this." He hesitated impotently. "Captain," he went on more calmly, "I say I don't *hope* to convince you you are wrong about me; but, believe me, *she* isn't in this or has anything to do with it."

He stopped and the captain and officers hesitated as they came to where the Englishman and Miss Varris were standing.

"Miss Varris," the captain began; then, "I——"

"Captain," the girl swallowed nervously, and then faced the officer resolutely. "I heard, of course. Mr. Preston, of course, thinks that he does me a service in denying my connection with the robbery last night."

The captain started, but the girl, unnoticing, went on:

"I Quite Almost Wish it Were Only Possible for Him to Get Away with This 'Wireless,' Too"

"But I prefer not to conceal it. I hid Mr. Preston in my stateroom for an instant just after he came out of the next one, three-forty-one, and then let him go. I do not know why I did it. I ——"

Preston was spluttering and trying to speak. The officer smiled triumphantly.

"Why—what is it?" the girl stammered.

"Merely, Miss Varris," the captain said with exaggerated politeness, "that we were not arresting your Mr. Preston, Manling, or whatever his name may be, for the theft of the pool last night. Really, we had no direct evidence at all that he was concerned in it till you spoke just now. In any case," he gestured carelessly, "that would be now really a minor consideration.

"For I am instructed by the wireless message just received *via* the Salvadore, whom we asked to relay our message out from land, to arrest and hold for the special-service police, who will meet this vessel at New York, the man who is known to have shipped under the name of Preston and here accurately described, upon the charge of bank robbery and assault with intent to kill, committed at Applestone, England, some seven weeks ago.

"The police further inform me that he was arrested for those crimes at Tavistock—to which he himself confesses—and was released upon an alibi now known to have been entirely false. That was what included you in this affair, Miss Varris. For I am further instructed to hold for perjury, and perhaps for conspiracy with him, Miss Ethel D. Varris, who is also known to have shipped with us and was one of the two persons who swore to the false alibi.

"These advices further make it clear that the police have now positively identified the man known as Manling, concerning whom they have sent us advices before, with the Applestone criminal. And, though I might have stretched the point the other day to give this man his freedom then, the instructions received to-day, of course, preclude that.

"I shall hold him, therefore, for delivery to our special police at New York. My advices, Miss Varris, state that the extent of your complicity with this man is doubtful. I am sorry that your first action before he contrived his rather remarkable scheme the second day out must be considered in making that less doubtful; and especially your statement a moment ago must prevent me considering you most leniently. But I believe that if you report yourself to the head stewardess I shall merely hold her responsible for your care."

The captain, with the miserable Preston beside him, passed by. The girl turned helplessly to the Englishman. But he was considerately looking ahead over the bow of the boat.

"High field is absolutely certain to win to-day," he lamented, "and there is really no chance for me now to lose the pool."

Fire Island had passed astern to starboard. Ahead the big hotels and, under the glass, the bathing-houses of Rockaway Beach appeared. On the port side, Navesink and Sandy Hook took form.

Miss Varris put on her heaviest veil and, with the head stewardess' permission, went out and stood at the rail.

Overhead in the silence the faint plu-ush of the "wireless" hissed softly.

"What is that, Mr. Dunneston?" she asked, as the Englishman, recognizing her, came and stood beside her.

"We received information from Nantucket Land Station early this morning," the Englishman explained, "that, under cable instructions from Scotland Yard, the special police would board us at quarantine to search for Mr. Manling. But, of course, as we can avoid that scandal now, the captain sent back a request for the officers not to come on board till all the other passengers had landed, when he would deliver Manling. I understand, Miss Varris, that there were no special instructions received about you. So I believe," he said, listening to the hiss of the "wireless," "that we are just now confirming that arrangement direct with New York. Really, a police examination, added to quarantine and your beastly customs inquisition, would be the final straw; would it not?"

The whistle and heavy passing signals of the great vessels in the Narrows changed to the confusion and tumult of the North River. Even to Preston, below, the wash of the ferries and the puff of the tugs, with the rest of the medley, told that New York was at hand.

The engines stopped, backed and stopped again. One screw pushed forward, the other pulled back. At the bow, half a dozen tugs grappled and pushed to port; at the stern a half-dozen others bumped in, caught on, snorting, and pushed to starboard; and at last the great ship was straight with its pier. There came cries and a rattle and the rush of feet.

Preston sank back. "Well, he's off!" he murmured, half admiringly, half resignedly.

He arose as he heard steps without.

"I think, perhaps, I can guess who he was, gentlemen," Preston said calmly. He had prepared himself for the consternation of the visitors. "But please don't ask me for any explanation. I want one even more than you."

"Will you be good enough to accompany us to the captain, sir?" one of the officers asked respectfully. "Of course, sir," he spread his cable before Preston, "this obviously cannot be you."

Preston read the cable and whistled appreciatively.

"Yes," he said delightedly, "I'll go with you to the captain!"

Yet, as he came in and saw that the captain already knew, he was robbed of his triumph; for Miss Varris was in the cabin, and, as she looked up, the glance that told him she knew despoiled him of his revenge.

The captain handed over his sheaf of "wireless" messages to the special officers without comment and watched them as they read. But the purser, glancing embarrassedly at Preston, took up a box from the table.

"The steward brought this to the captain from your cabin, Mr. Preston," he said. "It contains your watch and other personal things, as well as Miss Varris' rings and her other things. She says that all her things were there; are all yours here, too?"

"All except the pool," Preston smiled, as he examined. "By the way, did he return your shirt buttons this way, too?"

The purser colored. "No. He—handed them back to me just before landing," he said. "But there is a note here at the bottom, which I did not see."

"Oh, of course," Preston said. "Manling not only returns the personal things he doesn't need, but he also explains. This is addressed to me, but I guess I'd better read it to you all:

"'*Dear Mr. Preston:*

"'Just a note so say thanks awfully, dear chap. Really, am sorry to have had to put it over you such a way; and wouldn't have wished to do it for the mere money. But had to get off the ship, you know.

"'Sha'n't insult you by telling how easy it was with the pools. First law of larceny: get some one else suspected and watched for and rest is—infantile.

"'Should apologize for instigating inebriated countryman of yours insult you before Miss Varris. Rather expected you would want to punch his head directly'" (Preston's voice accented this part significantly), "'and so followed him on the chance; but can hardly say anticipated result quite so simple for me.

"'Do you know, actually, that, though operate "wireless" myself, quite overlooked possibilities of it till mentioned it to you off Land's End? Remember?

"'Only way to prevent such thing being turned against one, is turn it from one against some one else. And, really, dear chap, I wouldn't have turned it against you, but you made it too impossible not to.

"'When you and operator gave it up and I could hear Hibernia sending frantic waves everywhere in radius of three hundred miles for a description, I had to send something pretty quick, or they might have reached shore—and would then have been trouble, perhaps. And when tried to think of description, the one you gave me of yourself really wouldn't cease running in my head.

"'Of course I told them I was shore operator, and, when they had it, I had to call you back to get it.

"'Now wait. I recognize, my American friend, that if Scotland Yard was trying to get me on the "wireless," we might have had trouble. Once or twice, really, I feared I had given them just a trifle too much before I started; but what would have been the trip for me without that?

"'No; I took the chance that, if they really got description of me after a few days—as they might—they would then merely cable it under the sea in the good old precedented way and catch me on the pier without having to establish a ruling for precedence. So, you see, really only had to worry about messages originating on board which I could follow.

"'So when captain went after Hibernia for details of luggage, I had to have an answer ready, and really if I wanted to send other description couldn't have described other luggage than yours—or my own.

"'And, old chap, should have no hard feeling for last message. I really took little more than your own statement; and, really, didn't you do that Applestone business? *I* didn't; so how was I to know?

"'Dunneston.

"'P. S. Of course, keep pools under the agreement; but here're the other things. It should have been obvious to you that I didn't take Miss Varris' things to keep, and had no idea of going after ladies' things in general. How in the world would I have got by your beastly customs with anything—but money? And want to explain, I *did not* chloroform. Had a little of the stuff for toothache and, after getting the things, scattered just a bit for—the effect. Really felt so bad about that that I thought I'd better keep Miss Varris's, too, to make it up—to you both. Ask her to look at her rings.'"

The captain was looking down at the floor and the others withdrew as Preston finished—all but the girl.

She arose and faced Preston with steady eyes.

"'Ask her to look at her rings,'" Preston repeated. "What does he mean by that?" he asked.

"He gave back," the girl said, "he gave me—one more ring than he took. I suppose that was what he meant."

"Oh, he tried to make it up to you by giving you an extra one?" Preston said, wondering, from his disappointment, what he had expected. "But he said 'to us both.' What—what kind of a ring was it?" he demanded suddenly, with a hot twinge.

"Here it is." She held it out to him. "It's a diamond—solitaire."

Preston grasped it hotly and the hand with it.

"And he's had the—brass to put our initials in it!" he cried.

The captain cleared his throat. His embarrassment had melted away into a smile.

"I was going to ask most sincerely," he said, "your forgiveness; but instead may I not be the first to . . . ."

A hurrying step sounded without, and the "wireless" operator rushed in.

"Message for Mr. Preston," he said, smiling. "I was up in the room testing our apparatus when I got our call from somewhere or other."

Preston read the paper and handed it to the girl. She smiled again and, turning to the captain, gave him one hand, while she held the other in Preston's.

"Thank you, Captain," she said, "but, you see—Mr. Dunneston has sent us his congratulations first—by 'wireless.'"

(THE END)

Nay, Nay, Alphonse!

AMBASSADOR JUSSERAND, from France, was one of the party of diplomatists who accompanied the President to the opening of the Jamestown Exposition.

The Ambassador, who is small and nervous, grew tired of the exercises before they were over, and concluded to go back to the hotel. He left, accompanied by Madame Jusserand. Conveyances were few. The Ambassador looked around and saw several surreys standing.

He clapped his hands, whistled and shouted, but the drivers paid no attention to him. Then he trudged over and said: "I desire to engage this carriage."

"Can't," replied the driver.

"Cannot? And why?"

"Because these carriages is reserved for the President's friends."

The Ambassador hopped up and down. "But I am ze President's friend," he exclaimed, lapsing slightly from the punctilious English he usually employs.

The driver looked the Ambassador over. "You one of the President's friends?" he inquired scornfully. "Which one?"

"I am ze Ambassador from France—ze Ambassador from France, I tell you."

The driver grinned. He leaned out and shook a warning finger in the diplomatist's face. "Now, see here," he said, "you can't come that over me, Alphonse."

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THE MASTERY OF THE PACIFIC

(Concluded from Page 4)

who voted for Schmitz. "Good, easy, loose times"—and if a little money passed, what was the difference? Then came Rudolph Spreckels, who guaranteed a hundred thousand dollars for a fund for graft prosecution, and Heney and Burns went to work.

It did not take long to round up the supervisors, who were saloonkeepers and hack-drivers and men of that stamp. They had taken money, and they told about it. Then they saw they were face to face with proof. Nor was Abe Reuf so hard a job. Reuf, the political boss, who owned the mayor, Schmitz and the supervisors, and who demanded toll for every project, franchise, concession or contract the city had in its power to give, confessed. Like every man of his type, he has a streak of yellow in him as big as a railroad tie, and he broke down and told all he knew. Nobody expected much else of Reuf. He looks like an informer. Reuf's confession showed the extravagance of the system. He was a most generous briber. He gave men five thousand dollars he could have bought for twenty-five. He incriminated his former principal, the mayor, too, and the mayor went to trial for bribe-taking and was convicted.

But Reuf and Schmitz and the supervisors were but incidents. Heney and Burns were after bigger game. They wanted to catch the bribe-givers, and they sweated out of the confessed criminals the names of the men who, they said, supplied the money for the bribe-giving and in return for franchises.

There are two sides to this bigger-game story. Some of the leading men in the city declare the whole scheme of graft prosecution is based on a personal quarrel between Patrick Calhoun, president of the United Railways, by which name the street-car system of San Francisco is known, and Rudolph Spreckels. The Calhoun partisans take that view.

Heney is Still Burrowing

Heney has uncovered much rottenness. He and his detective, Burns, are not yet at the bottom of the mess. And San Francisco is still governed by a board of supervisors the majority of whom are self-confessed bribe-takers. That is another angle of the situation that puts so much meaning into the "Poor, old San Francisco!" plaint of the men who are struggling to bring order out of chaos.

Bad as the present conditions are, there is no doubt in the mind of any person who has looked over the ground that San Francisco will come out all right eventually. It may take more years than the sanguine expect, but it will not take so many as the pessimists predict. Much has been done in a year. The municipal house-cleaning was due, whether the city burned or not. Reuf and Schmitz could not have gone along if there had never been an earthquake. Nobody can think so badly of his fellows as to imagine that San Francisco would not have revolted at these conditions and put Reuf and Schmitz and all the other bribe-givers and bribe-takers in jail. Just now the people are on edge. Their nerves are strained to the utmost. They have been living in a city where ninety per cent. of everything that has happened since the disaster has been discouraging. They are tying together ends that have been flung to the four winds. They are assembling themselves and their property.

It seems like "Poor, old San Francisco!" now. Broken and bruised and bleeding, her commerce appears to be drifting away, her internal difficulties seem insuperable, her physical conditions beyond repair. But you can keep your "Poor, old San Francisco's" to yourself. San Francisco will come back, perhaps without the old atmosphere that made everybody who knew it her slave; certainly with better buildings for her business, and certainly, also, with a decent internal management. The towns on the coast that boast they will snatch her trade with the Orient are celebrating prematurely.

San Francisco was the result of a natural geographical condition. That condition still exists. The harbor and the railroad were not destroyed. When San Francisco does what she must do for herself she will find herself in the old commanding place, with outside capital ready to come in, and that is what she must have.

And the reason why San Francisco will come back, why she will conquer all her difficulties, is because the people of San Francisco are Americans. They couldn't lose if they tried.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of papers by Mr. Blythe on the struggle for supremacy among the Pacific Coast cities. The next paper will deal with Los Angeles.

Buncoed in Oil

IT WAS before the day in which Standard Oil was christened, but not before the business world was amazed at the vast outputs of oil in Pennsylvania and Ohio. One bright April morning, at work in my field as a farmer, there came over the still air the soft, mellow notes of a flute—the air of Annie Laurie, followed by other pieces of old-time music. This continued, day after day, until curiosity as well as business led me to an interview with the musician.

On the roadside, a quarter of a mile away from my field, lying beneath a couple of broad boards raised on stakes at one end, with a blanket or two and sack of hay for pillow and bed, a kettle, frying-pan and coffee-pot in which to cook his frugal meals, was the person who had charmed me with his flute. His sole business pursuit was, in local mining terms, gophering for lead—that is, digging such holes with pick and shovel as one man could put through soil and gravel on lines distinctly marked by ochre, which, if not always, is frequently associated with the lead mines of Wisconsin. There was some lead about, as I knew, having myself often picked up little cubes of ore styled float mineral. In such manner this humble, civil, suave person passed the summer away.

The next time I saw him, however, it was in a new rôle. It was late autumn, in the beautiful little city of Prairie du Chien, and I had sold my load of oats at the principal hotel in the town. In its office were many business men, and in the midst of these was my quondam acquaintance, the gopher miner, in his hands a large bottle chiefly filled with water, but on top, at least an inch in depth, was crude petroleum.

"Yes, gentlemen," he was saying, "there is no doubt about it. I have a certain, good, valuable oil proposition on my land up near Seneca, and I want you men with cash in hand to help me develop it, for I am poor. There is no risk to run, as some of these gentlemen have visited the place and have viewed with their own eyes the oil oozing out of the ground and flowing down with the water from the spring. You all may go and see for yourselves."

A dozen bottles were displayed to confirm the statement made by a dozen other parties.

But the case was already won, the jury were agreed, the verdict, "It is oil," was returned, and a company formed promptly, and officers elected, with our gopher miner, owner of the land and discoverer of the oil, as treasurer. He, claiming experience in the oil fields of Pennsylvania, was granted full power to proceed to Pittsburg or other suitable place, and purchase a complete outfit to operate the plant. In order more fully to carry out this provision, he said, cash must be forthcoming at once. For his land and oil the promoter was to have half the capitalization, being twenty thousand dollars.

No money ever rolled more rapidly into any enterprise than the cash which was cast into that treasury. In due course the treasurer departed. With him went the treasure. He has not yet returned.

After days of anxious waiting, a self-appointed investigating committee visited the plant and were made wise. Above the spring on that bluffy hillside were found beneath the soil two empty barrels, which had once contained petroleum. Planted there and tapped at the proper intervals, they had allowed oil to seep down through the soil into the waters of the spring. Below the spring a little dam had been built to catch the oil, whilst the water escaped beneath. The whole contrivance showed the skill of the gopher miner in the setting of a bunco trap. He had even awaited the growth of vegetation to hide any traces of disturbed soil in planting those barrels, before he sprung his scheme. For my own part, I had lost five dollars, as the promoter had insisted I should take at least one share.

—J. W. B.

Wood is Worth Preserving

Lumber is growing more expensive every day; hardwood is almost priceless, and the once cheaply held pine cannot now be had for less than $37.50 per thousand feet

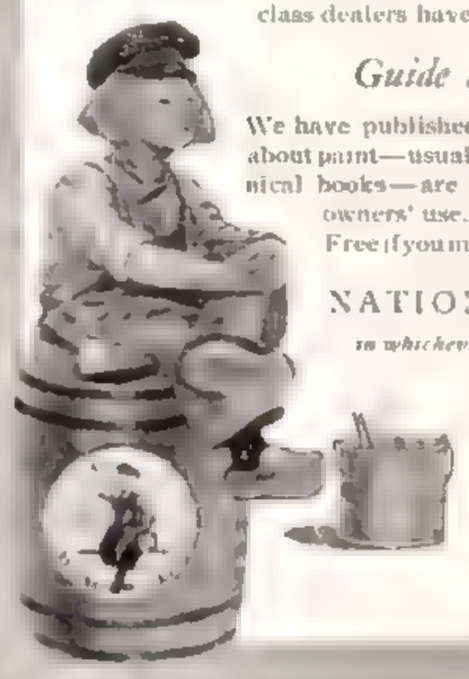
A little expenditure for painting regularly saves repair, replacement and rebuilding

Wood will last indefinitely if always kept well protected, and the cost of such protection is not great if good paint is used

There is sometimes a temptation to make an apparent saving of a few dollars by buying cheap White Lead and oil, or by hiring cheap labor to put on a ready-prepared paint instead of pure and fresh White Lead and oil. Such "saving" is never real, the cost by the year is invariably greater, for these makeshifts last only a fraction of the period which good White Lead and oil would, and another painting bill comes around too soon. And the bill is bigger the second time than it should be, because of these cheap paints—for they scale off in spots and necessitate the application of the dangerous blast flame to get the old paint off—all of which takes time—and, at mechanics' wages, time costs money.

Examine your buildings. If the paint film has worn down thin or has scaled off in spots, it will be money in the bank to you to have them painted at the earliest possible moment.

The Dutch Boy trade mark identifies absolutely Pure White Lead made by the Old Dutch Process. It does not stand for a new brand, but is simply a new guarantee of our old, time-tested brands. All first-class dealers have our White Lead. Look for the boy



Guide to the Use of Paint

We have published a book in which the essential facts about paint—usually found only in large, expensive, technical books—are condensed and simplified for house-owners' use. Handsomely bound and illustrated. Free if you mention this magazine. Address Dept. P.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

in whichever of the following cities is nearest you

New York, Boston, Buffalo, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Philadelphia (John T. Lewis & Bros. Co.), Pittsburg (National Lead and Oil Co.)

Money-saving and health-protecting plumbing is also a vital subject to property owners. Send for booklet, "Good Plumbing."

Little Mascot Propeller

The "Best Made and Cheapest in Price" car on the market. From our Factory to you—direct.

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Government Positions

41,877 Appointments were made to Civil Service places during the year ending June 30, 1909. Excellent opportunities for young people. Average entrance salary $840 a year. Many examinations are held each month in all parts of the country. Thousands of persons who pass these examinations are appointed to positions at salaries of $840 to $1,800 a year. If you desire a position of this kind write for our Civil Service Announcement, containing full information about all government examinations, and questions recently used by the Civil Service Commission.

Columbian Correspondence College, Washington, D. C.

ORIENT

CLARK'S TENTH ANNUAL CRUISE. February 6, to 70 days, including Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Asia Minor, Greece, Italy, etc. 2 TOURS ROUND THE WORLD

FRANK C. CLARK, Times Building, New York

ANDREWS AIR-PRESSURE WATER SUPPLY SYSTEM

YOU in HOME can have running water from well or cistern with sanitary closets and fire protection, a never-failing water supply in every room (hot or cold)—by the Andrews Air Pressure Water System.

All the Conveniences of City Water Connection in any country home

It has all the advantages of the elevated water tanks, yet avoiding all the objections. The Andrews Air Pressure Water System does not freeze in winter, nor get stale in summer, never overflows, is never blown down by wind storms and does not mar the aspect of a beautiful lawn as a windmill tank does. It will last a lifetime and requires

it Costs Less than any other System of Water Supply.

We are manufacturers and sell direct, factory to user. Water Supply Systems, Hot Water Plants, Furnaces, etc.

Write for Air Pressure Water Supply System; also send names of others interested.

ANDREWS HEATING CO.

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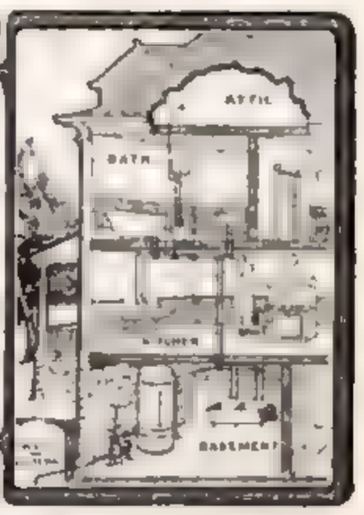

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Perfect in detail Beautiful in finish.

WINSLOW'S Skates

THE BEST ICE AND ROLLER SKATES

Send for our illustrated catalogue and state whether you are interested in Ice or Roller Skates.

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8 Long Lane, E. C., London

YOUR SAVINGS

INDUSTRIAL PITFALLS FOR INVESTORS

THE desire of many people to live without working or to get rich over night has enabled the shrewd promoter to dig attractive pitfalls for the investor with savings. Last week the various mining schemes were explained. But these lures comprise only part of that large number of "gold-brick" propositions created, in many cases, with the sole idea of fleecing the public. The second group, which will now be taken up, includes the various so-called "industrial" schemes which are launched under the guise of "investments," and which provide a quick and sure way for the investor to be separated from his money.

The word "industrial" covers a multitude of speculative sins. It is used to good and profitable advantage by the promoter with people who have a prejudice against mining stock, but who do not stop to realize that the "industrial" swindle is sometimes worse than the mining fake.

During the past few years more "wild-cat" industrial schemes have been floated in this country than during a great many years preceding. In one way, they grew out of the great prosperity of the people who have had a good deal of money to invest. These schemes include inventions of many kinds, electric railroads, musical instruments, time and labor saving devices, rubber plantations, and the usual and ever-present oil well. Most of them are labeled "safe investment," but the real truth of the matter is that they are, for the most part, speculations of the worst kind and the very propositions that the investor with savings should avoid. With these pitfalls, as with many others, the way of the promoter is the same: he cloaks his scheme in the most glittering phrases, makes impossible promises of big and quick profits—and the investor does the rest.

The Punctured Oil Boom

In many sections of the United States you cannot throw a stone without striking some one who has, at some time or other, been interested in, or lost money in, oil. These oil booms are very much like the mining booms already described in this department.

Oil is "struck" on a farm; then everybody goes oil-mad, and expects to get rich in a hurry. The reports of fabulous wealth made from these "finds," coupled with the glamour that has hung about the Standard Oil fortunes, have helped to stimulate people to sink their money in wells in the hope of pulling out riches. But most of the money remains in the well.

The Beaumont "strike" enriched some people, but it impoverished a good many more. So with Kansas, Indian Territory, and many of the other oil fields. At one time during the past three years there were five hundred oil companies doing business (that is, selling stock) in Kansas. To-day you would have difficulty in finding a good many of them, and you would have to search harder for profits.

Let us take a concrete case which shows the way of most of these companies. During the height of the anti-Standard Oil excitement in Kansas in 1905 a large company was formed with headquarters in the midst of the oil region. The promoters owned a few wells that "promised much." An elaborate advertising campaign was started. Full-page advertisements were printed in leading newspapers all over the country offering the stock at twenty-five and forty cents a share and promising great profits. Thousands of people bought shares. Altogether the company took in more than one million dollars in cash.

But all the money was coming in and precious little going out to the stockholders. Some of them got anxious and applied for a receiver. Then the company collapsed. It developed that while more than a million dollars had been taken in, just exactly ten thousand five hundred dollars had been paid out in dividends. The promoters had spent a quarter of a million dollars in advertising. All that the great majority of stockholders received was the certificate of stock, which was handsomely engraved.

So with hundreds of other companies that deluded the investor with promises of quick profits. Of course, much money has been made in oil; but, as in the case of the Nevada goldfields, many of the big "strikes" were made by individuals who got private capital to develop them, and the public did not have a chance to get in. Besides, there was always the Standard Oil Company ready to take the lion's share of the finds

Lures in Invention Schemes

But no kind of industrial pitfall has lured more investors than "the invention that will revolutionize industry." Every man who has ever invented anything believes, like Colonel Sellers, that there is "millions in it." This feeling is often contagious, and affords one reason why so many people are willing to put their money into that kind of speculative proposition.

Practically all promoters of inventions use the same method. It is this: Nearly every mechanical device, no matter what its use, is heralded as being "as good a proposition as was the Bell Telephone stock." There is big fascination in that statement, because it is pretty generally known that the people who were fortunate enough to buy Bell Telephone stock years ago made a great deal of money out of it, though they did not make half as much as the shrewd promoter of the present day would have you believe. So thousands of people are looking for just another good thing and the promoter encourages this hope to his own advantage.

But telephones and air-brakes do not happen every day, and, if they did, the chances are that they would not fall into the hands of "get-rich-quick" promoters for exploitation.

Some people find it difficult to resist these allurements. In the case of hundreds of companies whose stock is being sold broadcast to innocent investors, the same situation is presented, and it is this situation that the investor should keep in mind. In the great majority of cases *the invention has not had a commercial test, and is, therefore, still an uncertainty as a money-maker.*

To buy its stock is to help finance a theory that has only a remote prospect of being able to earn money. In other words, it has not been tried out in a practical way.

The buyer of stock is shown models and sample machines in the offices of the company. But these models and sample machines do not earn money.

If the investor with savings who is attracted by the golden promises of such industrial advertisements would only do a little investigating on his own account he would soon see how doubtful the alleged "investment" is. Investigation should always be the first step in the making of any investment.

A great many industrial schemes could be cited to show how the public is being fleeced. In almost every case it is the same story: the investor with savings is asked to take the word of the promoter that "here is a golden opportunity," that consists mainly of an impossible undertaking that has no chance of practical success.

The shrewd manipulator of "industrials," wrongfully called investment, is now using the mail-order idea in the exploitation of his stocks. In New York, Philadelphia and elsewhere there are energetic firms that are selling millions of dollars' worth of stock by mail. They secure lists of names of people all over the country and deluge them with cunningly-written circulars, prospectuses and other kinds of literature. They are very persistent and they never let go.

One of the most accomplished of the mail-order promoters of stocks told the investor that it was wrong to let his money stay in savings-banks or to buy bonds.

Most of the promoters of industrial shares for investors frame up their propositions so cleverly that they evade legal prosecution. But it is a very good plan to turn over this "get-rich-quick" literature to the post-office inspector. It will spare you further temptation, and may help in a small way to suppress a growing evil.

There is just one good rule to follow with regard to all these industrial lures, and it is: "Let it alone."

Railroad Bond Investment

Yielding about 5.60%

$2,500,000

Missouri, Kansas & Texas R'y Co.

General Mortgage 4½% Sinking Fund Gold Bonds.

Dated January 1, 1906. Due January 1, 1936. Interest payable January and July 1st. In coupon form, $1,000 each. Bonds may be registered as to principal. Authorized issue, $20,000,000. Outstanding, $10,000,000.

LISTED UPON THE NEW YORK AND LONDON STOCK EXCHANGES.

The Missouri, Kansas & Texas R'y operates about 3,043 miles of railroad. The total bonded debt, inclusive of the above bonds, is $104,234,000.

Following is statement of Income Account for the TEN MONTHS ending April 30th:

	1907.	1906.
Gross Earnings	$21,798,955	$17,851,022
Operating Expenses and Taxes	14,612,307	13,033,058
Net Earnings	$7,186,648	$4,818,864
Interest on Bonds and Rentals	4,155,304	3,734,319
Surplus	$3,031,344	$1,084,545

The $13,000,000 preferred stock of the Company receives regular dividends at the rate of 4% per annum. There is also outstanding $63,300,000 common stock

Price and circular furnished upon application.

Mackay & Co.
16 Nassau St., New York.

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ST. LOUIS, MO.

SMITH & WESSON
THE THOROUGH BRED OF THE REVOLVER WORLD
The thrill of
triumph that follows a
good shot at the target may
be anticipated by even the
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Single Action .44 SMITH & WESSON
Revolver is specially designed for
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DO THIS TODAY
Ask us to send you our Five per cent. Book—
The more you know about this company, the surer you are to become a depositor
This company is strong—CONSERVATIVELY managed and every dollar of its deposits is backed by more than double the amount in First Mortgages on improved real estate
We pay 5 per cent. interest on deposits — and you can withdraw at any time, without loss of interest earned.
But write for the booklet—that tells all about it
Calvert Mortgage & Deposit Co.
1047 Calvert Building, Baltimore, Md.

VIRGINIA
The Land of
OPPORTUNITIES
Few men ever see greater personal opportunity for [illegible] than [illegible] in the midst of the [illegible] of the Southern States and [illegible] great railway systems [illegible] factories at the very door. The textile [illegible] running [illegible] an [illegible] Booklet [illegible]
I. T. VAN PATTEN, Secretary,
Portsmouth, Virginia.

You may be one of many who are worrying about your income from your savings. The Industrial Savings and Loan Company, established fourteen years and [illegible] under New York Banking Department supervision,
Pays 5% a Year
[illegible] every dollar every day left with us with absolute security and your money always under your [illegible] Let us send [illegible] Letters of endorsement
Industrial Savings and Loan Co.
1 Times Bldg., Broadway & 42nd St.
New York City
Assets $1,750,000

South Bend Wants You This prosperous, busy home city, the work shop of Northern Indiana, offers Manufacturers right now, special advantages and opportunities to join its hive of industry.
For full particulars address Dept. B
Bureau of Publicity and Promotion, South Bend, Indiana

WESTINGHOUSE
Convertible, $1000, 5 per cent. Bonds, pay over 5 3-4 per cent. at present, N. Y. Stock Exchange Prices. Write for details.
Security Investment Co.
PITTSBURGH, PA
Capital and Surplus $8,595,000

Water Supply for Country Houses *The Problem Solved.*
No elevated tank to freeze or leak. Tank located in cellar. Any pressure up to 60 lbs. The Ideal Fire Protection. Send for illustrated booklet [illegible] water supply and [illegible] needs
LUNT MOSS COMPANY
43 South Market Street Boston

KODAK FILM Finished Promptly by Experts. Over [illegible] developed and twelve mounted Velox Prints from best negatives, returned postpaid, 50c with order. Highest Grade Work. Write for Prices and Sample print.
ROBERT JOHNSTON,
Kodaks and Supplies, Expert Photo-Finishing,
13 North Main St., Wilkes Barre, Pa.

SENSE & NONSENSE

Rondeau to a Saleslady

By Reginald Wright Kauffman

Ain't she the *peach?* You oughter see
That girl when she goes out wid me
Saturday nights. That Mary Moore
Has 'em all frazzled at the store—
Mary: she calls it May-Marie.

(Gimme a light.) Too chesty? Gee,
Only when fly guys gits too free—
And say, just pipe that pompadour!
Ain't she the peach?

It's her for mine! I'd like ter be
A Dago millionaire marquee:
When other girls 'ud goo-goo, or
Try gittin' next, not one'd score:
The whole bunch don't count one-two-three.
Ain't *she* the peach?

Not Amphibious

A MAN from Wyoming moved to Denver the other day and began house hunting. After a long search, he succeeded in finding a house that fitted his ideas of comfort and cost, but he could not understand why the rent was so reasonable.

The agent explained that the house rented cheaply because it had no bath.

"Oh," said he of Wyoming, much relieved, "that's all right—I only want it a year."

Joshua, the Wonder-Worker

JUDGE EMORY SPEER, who presides with grace, dignity and ability in the United States Court for the Southern District of Georgia, has a fund of humor that not infrequently manifests itself upon the bench. Occasionally, some old darky of the ante-bellum type is before him for an offense, and usually there follows a dialogue that causes a smile around the courtroom.

Illicit distilling is not so prevalent in Judge Speer's district as it formerly was, but it is not infrequently the case that a distiller of "mountain dew" appears before him to have sentence passed. One such offender recently was Joshua King, an old negro. Joshua had been caught in the act by the revenue officers, and there was nothing for him to do save plead guilty.

Shambling before the bar of justice, the old negro awaited the judgment of the court. His Honor regarded the old darky for a moment, as though deliberating what punishment should be meted out to him. Then, as though his memory had finally solved a point upon which it had been at fault, the judge said: "Joshua; Joshua; why, Joshua, you are the man who made the sun stand still, aren't you?"

Joshua's Biblical education, unlike that of most darkies of his class, had been neglected. "No, sir, Judge, please yo' Honor," he said; "I'se de man what made de moonshine." —*J. H. B.*

Her State

A PARTY of tourists were returning from a cog-road climb up Pike's Peak, when an imposing-looking female, pointing a scornful finger toward the vanishing summit, volunteered to her neighbor across the aisle: "Them rocks and them mountings may be pretty to such as care fer 'em; but, as for me, I prefer the culture of the East."

To which the neighbor, awed and impressed, responded by meekly inquiring what State the lady hailed from.

With overpowering satisfaction came the proud reply: "*I'm* from Missouri."

The Allen Kin

WHEN General James Allen, chief signal officer of the Army, was a major, he was sent to Fort Sam Houston, in Texas, on a detail.

While he was waiting at the station for his baggage a very black negro came along and asked for employment.

"What's your name?" asked the officer.

"James Allen, sah."

"James Allen, eh? Why, that's my name, too. I wonder if we are related."

"Now, see here, sah," protested the negro. "You cain't claim no kin wif me. They ain't a drop of white blood in my veins."

Press Lightly and Release the Blade

GO OVER your face every morning with a RAZAC—the new safety razor *that shaves.* Even if your face won't stand a barber's shave every day you can RAZAC with comfort. A cool, easy shave, no matter how tough or wiry the beard.

RAZAC blades are of Swedish razor steel; hard—not "flexible." Each shaving edge is tested and perfected separately. One step is the stropping—on revolving wheels of felt charged with jewelers' rouge.

RAZAC
The Perfect Safety Razor
Nothing to it but Shave

Anyone can use this little instrument. It will clean the face of every vestige of hair and stubble—simply, quickly, pleasantly, and leave it as smooth as the palm of your hand. No stropping, no honing, no trouble at all.

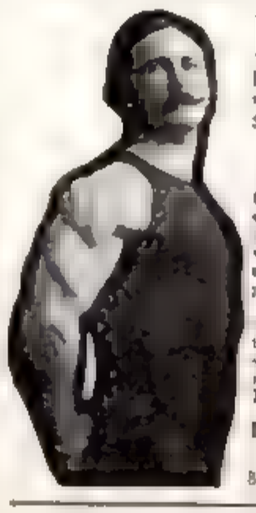
The price of the RAZAC is $3.50. Try it for thirty days and if at the end of that time for any reason you are willing to part with it we will refund your money. Good drug-stores, cutlery and hardware dealers want RAZACS faster than we can make them.

Send for [illegible] new little RAZAC book. It explains and illustrates [illegible] to know about shaving. You [illegible] close any stamps. Just say you want the book.

HAPGOODS SALES CO.
Suite 101, 305 Broadway, New York

ORIENT Friction Drive **Motor Car** $400
A Remarkable Motor Car

[illegible] Write for free catalogue and agency proposition
WALTHAM MFG. CO., Waltham, Mass., U. S. A.



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For Health, Strength and Endurance
Send for my 84 page illustrated book,
Lung and Muscle Culture
The most marvelous [illegible] ever [illegible] Deep [illegible] and Incorrect [illegible] clearly described with diagrams and illustrations.
The information given in this book has [illegible] thousands into the correct path to [illegible] Over 200,000 [illegible] Sent on receipt of 10c [illegible] stamps or coin. Address
PAUL VON BOECKMANN,
Respiratory Specialist,
801 Bristol Bldg., 500 5th Ave., New York

SEA SHELLS Your collection will be more valuable [illegible] with the names [illegible] Catalogue describing and illustrating [illegible] Prices and [illegible] varieties [illegible]
IOWA BIRD COMPANY, Des Moines, Ia.

The first Derby made in America was a
C & K
Hats for Men

THE 'CHANUE

KNAPP-FELT is extremely unusual in that it is light weight and durable—a combination of desirable qualities peculiar to Knapp-Felt hats.

Knapp-Felt De-Luxe hats are Six Dollars, Knapp-Felts are Four Dollars—everywhere.

WRITE FOR THE HATMAN
THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
840 Broadway, New York

A hand camera that is smaller than the hand
Premoette
The smallest camera in the world for 2½ x 3¼ pictures.
Can be carried even in a boy's pocket, and makes pictures equal to those produced by any regularly equipped camera, no matter what its size.
Loads in daylight with twelve exposure film pack, and permits the removal of one or more films for development at any time. Weighs only eleven ounces. Costs but
Five Dollars
Catalogue of this and twenty other models, mailed free on request
Rochester Optical Company
51 South St., Rochester, N. Y.

The Symbol of
Good Paint
is this "Acme Quality" circle on the label.
Everything that goes on with a brush—paints, enamels, stains, varnishes—of known definite worth bear this mark. Insist on it when you buy.
How to correctly select and apply paints is explained by practical painters in "*The Selection and Use of Paints and Painters*," the most complete and [illegible] book ever [illegible] Not [illegible] but mailed absolutely **free on request.**
Dept. Q
Acme White Lead and Color Works,
Detroit, Mich.

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED
Free report as to Patentability. Illustrated Guide Book, and List of Inventions Wanted, sent free.
EVANS, WILKENS & CO., WASHINGTON, D. C.

Catalog Free
Acme Folding Canvas Boat Co., Miamisburg, Ohio.

Professional cooks find

Lea & Perrins' Sauce

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

the most valuable of all sauces, because it perfects the flavor of the greatest variety of dishes.

CHOPS, STEAKS, ROASTS, COLD MEAT, SALADS, FISH, GAME, SOUPS and CURRIES—

all are improved by the judicious use of

Lea & Perrins' Sauce

Beware of Imitations.

Look for Lea & Perrins' signature.

John Duncan's Sons, Agts., N. Y.

C. MASPERO'S
Pure Olive Oil

My Extra Pure Lucca Olive Oil is the finest and purest and finest Flavored Olive Oil imported into this country. [illegible]

[illegible] Guaranteed Pure, Serial No. 5404. Packed [illegible] Gal $ [illegible] ¼ gal $

SPECIAL OFFER— To introduce Maspero a Pure Olive Oil we will send a full pint can to any address, EXPRESS PREPAID, on receipt of 60 cents

C. Maspero, Importer, Dept. S. 333 Greenwich St., N.Y.
(Pure Food Specialist) Est. 1849.

LITTLE HUMMER
Marine Engine

The 2-Cycle Engine Marvel of the Age. Entirely new and improved design introducing many exclusive features. Runs on Gasoline, Kerosene or Alcohol.

5 H.P. Bare Engine $46

COMPLETE ENGINE with Fresh Water Boat Fittings $59.50 with Salt Water Boat Fittings, $74.90 [illegible]

Catalog FREE

[illegible] safe, cannot backfire. Sold under Five Year Guarantee.

Belle Isle Motor Co., Dept. 17, Detroit, Mich.

AGENTS make good money selling our new sign letters for office windows, store fronts, and glass signs. Easily put on. Write to-day for a free sample and full particulars. Address
METALLIC SIGN LETTER CO., 78 N. Clark St., CHICAGO ILL.

YOUNG LORD STRANLEIGH

(Continued from Page 13)

was over to indulge in coffee and cigars. The manager fell under the charm of the young man's conversation, and began to revise his first estimate that his host was a fool. He had drunk but sparingly of the generous wine, yet in the glow of contentment which it produced he laughed quietly to himself, now and then, at the unfounded fears of the captain, which had caused him to run away from so excellent a repast.

"If this is a cigar from a similar box to the one you gave the captain, the old man is to be congratulated."

"Yes, it is. I must beg of you to accept six boxes in remembrance of the enjoyable time I have spent in your society."

"Why, Mr. Stranleigh, I'm awfully much obliged, and I may tell you at once I am not going to refuse. A man doesn't get a present like that every year of his life, worse luck."

"Then, to make up the average, Mr. Frowningshield, you must let me add a few cases of our champagne."

"Really, you are most kind. I don't know how to thank you."

"Don't attempt it, I beg of you."

A steward approached and presented Stranleigh with a sealed envelope, which, begging the pardon of his guest, he tore open, saying:

"I give all my orders in writing, so that there can be no mistake, and I rarely receive verbal reports from any one."

"A good idea," said Frowningshield.

"Yes, it prevents disputes afterward."

He read to himself the penciled words of the telegrapher, who had transcribed a wireless message from the hilltop:

> The Rajah is turning around, and is evidently about to depart.

Stranleigh, with a pencil, wrote on the back of the letter the following dispatch to Mackeller:

> Report once more if the Rajah actually sails; then take with you anything you don't want to leave, and come down to the water. The motor-boat will be waiting for you. Come aboard at the prow, and get immediately out of sight in the forecastle, for sitting aft with me is the man who kicked you down into the hold, and I don't wish him to recognize you.

Giving this to the waiting steward, Stranleigh resumed conversation with his guest, who showed no desire to depart. Shortly after came the second message:

> The Rajah has sailed. Send motor-boat now.

Stranleigh folded up the sheet of paper and handed it to the steward.

"Give that to the captain," he said, and a few minutes later the purr of the motor-boat was heard leaving the ship. The sound aroused Frowningshield.

"Are you sending away the motor-boat?" he asked. "As our steam-launch has not returned, I fear I must depend on you for getting me down to the camp."

"Oh, that's all right," replied Stranleigh easily. "The boat isn't going far; just to pick up two of my men who've been prospecting in the hills. In fact, this is the end of my trespass, for there is little use in my gazing on a Promised Land that has been promised to somebody else. As for the motor-boat, and getting to camp, I can take you there more comfortably than on that little craft. You see, there's nothing further to keep me here, so I think I shall cast off and away. But whether I shall go north or south will depend on circumstances when I get out to sea."

"What! You are not going to sail to-night, are you?" said Frowningshield, sitting up.

"Yes, there's no use in stopping here any longer. Do you happen to know any place along the coast which would be suitable as a colonizing place for Englishmen?"

"No, Mr. Stranleigh; this is the only portion of Africa I am acquainted with."

In due time the motor-boat returned, and its occupants entered the yacht without being seen by their master's guest. The boat was hoisted on board and the captain, coming aft, said: "Any further orders, sir?"

"Yes. Plymouth, if you please. And, Captain, just stop on your way at the camp, which, I am informed, is on the left-hand bank of the river. Draw up at the landing, if there is one; if not, perhaps Mr. Frowningshield's launch will be waiting him. There are some packages to go ashore."

The steamer proceeded down the river with just enough speed to give her steering way. Frowningshield sat very silent.

The captain drew up expertly at the landing. Nothing was to be seen of the Rajah that so lately had been berthed there. Large groups of men had ceased work, and were standing twenty or thirty yards back from the landing, viewing with eyes of wonderment the trim white steamer that had come out of the wilderness. Frowningshield stepped ashore like a man in a dream, and a couple of stewards placed the cases of champagne and the boxes of cigars on the rock beside him. Lord Stranleigh leaned against the rail, and bade farewell to the manager.

"Wouldn't you like to come on to Plymouth with us?" he said. "Penny all the way. County Council express boat. No stop between Chelsea and London Bridge."

"I wish I could," said Frowningshield, with a deep sigh.

"Well, at least," cried Stranleigh cheerfully, "we've had one pleasant afternoon, and I'm more than grateful for your company. Good-by—good-by."

The steamer was moving off down the river as Stranleigh waved his hand at the choice gang of ruffians that manned the highest outcrop of the reef.

"After all," he murmured to himself, "they're Englishmen, poor devils, and we're all a long way from home!"

The manager standing there on the rock suddenly bethought himself, and raised his hat. A cheer broke forth from the outlaws, and they waved aloft tattered caps.

"Pull the whistle, Captain, with a hip-hip-hip-hooray," and the siren sounded across the delta.

The manager stood for a long while watching the retreating boat, with his hands clasped behind him.

"Gad," he said, "I don't know what to make of that man. I believe the captain's right, and that he'll capture the Rajah before nightfall; yet he'll have no shot from *my* cannon."

The Woman in White, as soon as she was out of sight of the camp, made record time to the coast, traversed the deep channel between the river and the sea with some caution, then struck straight out to the west. The sun was still about two hours above the western ocean. Far to the north the Rajah could be seen keeping closer in shore than seemed quite safe, the captain's idea being doubtless to get out of sight behind the first headland he might encounter. The heavily-laden boat was now burning up coals with reckless prodigality, the slight wind from the shore carrying out to sea a great, black banner of smoke. Stranleigh walked forward to the captain.

"Can you overtake him before sunset?" he asked.

"I think so, sir."

"Well, I imagine our best plan is to convince him as speedily as possible that he can't run away from us. I don't like to see him wasting coal like that. Coal is more valuable than the ore he carries until we reach Teneriffe. Full speed ahead, Captain."

The hum of the turbines rose and rose, and the trembling of the yacht perceptibly increased as the sharp prow clove through the waters with the speed of a torpedo-boat destroyer. The steward, setting out cups and saucers for tea on a wicker table, found some difficulty in keeping the jingling dishes from catastrophe. The Rajah had about four hours the start, and had probably worried away thirty knots of the long route she was to travel. Higher and higher she seemed to rise in the water, and the sun was still a good quarter of an hour above the horizon when The Woman in White came tearing up alongside to landward of her, carried now by her own momentum, for the turbines had been stopped some distance away. Apparently everybody on board was leaning over the rail, watching the amazing speed of the swanlike craft, white and graceful as she gradually slowed down. Stranleigh recognized the anxious face of the captain, and shouted up at him:

"Tell your stokers to economize on that coal."

The captain replied truculently: "No one gives orders on this steamer but me."

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"Quite right," replied Stranleigh, with less imperiousness than had barbed his first shout. "That's why I'm asking you to give the command."

The captain, after a moment's hesitation, sent the order below, then turned again to the white vessel, which was now keeping exact time with his own black one.

"Captain," said Stranleigh, in his ordinary tone of voice, "both Frowningshield and myself were very sorry you could not lunch with us; so perhaps you will be good enough to come aboard this yacht and dine with me."

"A captain cannot leave his ship," curtly replied the master of the Rajah.

"Ordinarily, no; but this is an exceptional case. I've got a letter for you, Captain."

"Then why didn't you give it to me at noon?"

"Oh, come now; a man can't think of everything when he is overjoyed at receiving an unexpected and very welcome guest. You must admit, Captain, that once I undertook the work of ocean postman I lost no time in giving you the double knock. I don't think there's anything in these waters that would have overhauled you so quickly as I have done. Won't you, then, make an exception and honor us with your presence?"

"No, I will not. If, as you say, you've got a letter for me, I'll throw down a line for it."

"Well, on the face of it, that seems fair. A man in England drops you a line, and you drop a line for his line. Nevertheless, this letter, although addressed to you, I do not intend to part with. There are several documents in my pocket which I'd like to show you, and I wish to make some explanations that will interest you."

"Look here, Mr. Stranleigh, I'm captain aboard this steamer, and I'm on the high seas. I warn you, before witnesses here, that any interference on your part is piracy. I shall not come aboard your steamer, nor shall I allow any one from your steamer to come aboard of me. I take orders from none but my own masters, the owners of this ship. I am now under their orders, and acting upon them. I won't stand any interference."

"Again I say, quite right, Captain. Your sentiments are admirable, and your views of nautical duty are correct. Nevertheless, it is necessary that you and I should enjoy a quiet talk together, and I ask you to favor me by coming aboard."

"Well, I won't."

"Then, as the mountain wouldn't come to Mahomet, Mahomet went to the mountain. I ask your permission to go aboard your vessel."

"I sha'n't give it. I've told you that before. Now, sheer off, or I'll put a cannon-ball into your engine-room."

"Oh, have you got a cannon-ball on board? How jolly! We are entirely unarmed, so far as ordnance is concerned; but I'd like to say, Captain, that the chances are ten to one your cannon-ball wouldn't do much harm. You might even plant a floating mine in front of The Woman in White, and, although it probably would blow her prow up, yet I think, crablike, I could crawl backward to the nearest port, as a certain ocean liner made her way from the Lizard to Southampton."

"Are you going to sheer off, sir?"

"No, and you are not going to fire, either, Captain. It isn't etiquette at sea to shoot cannon-balls at a man until you have finished the cigars he has presented to you. I dislike very much to allude to my own gifts in this way, but still I wish you to understand that I am very well versed in nautical law."

"I want to get along with my voyage, Mr. Stranleigh, unmolested."

"Why, bless your tarry heart, Captain, get along with your voyage. If you can run away from us, don't let me put any obstacle in your path."

"Will you sheer off, sir?"

"Certainly not. I'm quite within my rights. This part of the ocean belongs as much to me as to the Rajah. I'm not delaying you in the least, and all your talk of interference is mere humbug. If I ran my craft close enough to endanger yours, you might have a right to object; but I call your attention to the fact that we are under perfect control, and I can keep the distance between the ships to an inch. If I went farther away I should be unable to converse with you without straining my throat, which I decline to do. Now, you will neither come aboard my vessel, nor allow me to go aboard yours?"

"That's right."

"Well, I don't think it is. Nevertheless, you force me to do what I should much rather, for your sake, not do, and that is, I am compelled to read your letter and the documents I have referred to in the hearing of your crew and my own."

"You may read what you like to the crew."

"Captain, I ask you to reconsider that dictum. I grant that you might honestly have made such a remark on any other voyage you have ever taken during your long seafaring life, except this one. Just think for a moment. Don't reply rashly, and be assured that I mean no harm to you, nor to anybody else aboard your ship. Quite the contrary. What I intend to do will be greatly to your advantage, and to that of every man who is with you."

When Lord Stranleigh made reference to his present voyage, the captain, who had been leaning against the rail, stood up suddenly. The men were whispering with one another. The captain saw that Stranleigh had taken from his pocket several envelopes, and stood there patiently awaiting his reply. At last the captain said huskily:

"Will you come aboard alone, sir?"

"Oh, quite alone, of course, since it is your wish; or you can come aboard here with half a dozen or a dozen men as your bodyguard, if you like. Bring the cannon, too, if it makes you feel any safer."

"I'd rather you came aboard here, sir."

"Very good. Fling over a slightly stronger line than you'd have sent down for the letter, and I'll be with you in a jiffy."

"But how am I to know some others won't climb up?"

"Well, hang it! arm your men with handspikes, and knock 'em down again. Don't keep me waiting here all night. It will be dark very soon, and I sha'n't occupy more than ten minutes of your time. You seem spoiling for a fight, but I can't accommodate you. I'm a man of peace, and that's why I shudder when you speak to me of cannon. You're a positive danger on the high seas, with your ultimatums, and your shots through the engine-room, and all that. Heave over a line, and get your men to watch that the yacht doesn't spring aboard of you."

The captain seemed rather ashamed of his fears in face of this bantering. A rope fell coiling through the air and came slap on deck.

"Hang tight, aloft there," cried Stranleigh, as he jerked the rope taut, swung himself free of his own boat, and clambered up the black cliff of the Rajah, hand over hand, feet against the side, like a monkey.

Editor's Note—The next installment of Young Lord Stranleigh will appear in a fortnight.

The Majesty of the Family

EVERY one who has lived South knows that peculiar brand of loyalty among old servants that expresses itself in a profound conviction that *their* family is the "fust family." Consequently, every Southern town and city is still full of "fust families."

This particular "fust family" was making its annual pilgrimage to the White Sulphur Springs, the great coach laden with children and trunks as well as the mistress, with her nearest and dearest relatives.

Old Simon, mindful of the glory of his house, and filled with the all-powerful dignity of an old retainer, drove the fat coach-horses and admonished his small charges, who, wedged in beside him on the box, crowded him to desperation.

His master rode on horseback a little distance behind the coach, and, as they approached a railroad crossing, was astonished to see Simon drive calmly before a passing train, which hurled the coach one way, horses another, and family and trunks in all directions. Galloping up he called to his coachman:

"Simon, you old nigger, didn't you see that train coming?"

"Yassuh."

"You saw it coming, and deliberately drove upon the track? What made you do such a crazy thing?"

"Well, you see, Marse George," explained that bewildered individual, scratching his gray wool, "*Ah* thought when dey see it's we-all's ka'idge, *dey'd* stop."

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THE ABSENT-MINDED GODDESS

(Continued from Page 8)

tattoo all over him as he fled; Gray, from his hiding-place in the fir thicket, saw his friend pass at a maddened gallop, the air around him singing thick with arrows.

"Good Lord!" he thought, appalled; "what a very unusual sort of a girl she is!"

He had—seeing how matters were turning—concluded that Manners' mission would be useless. There remained only one way to make amends to Miss Valdes, as he understood it, and that was to offer himself, hand and heart, to this beautiful but eccentric girl, barred by her eccentricity from the faintest chance of matrimony with a normal man of her own caste.

To that end, and during Manners' confession of guilt, he had hurriedly divested himself of his fashionable apparel, drawn on the pink silk tights and sandals, and swathing his figure in a goatskin rug, he secreted his suitcase in the bushes and seated himself on the moss, fingering his fife and watching the outcome of Manners' mission.

But the abrupt termination of the parley and the shocking manner of his friend's retreat frightened him. A flight of arrows rebounding from his own pink silk attire did not seem very attractive; he sat quite still on the moss, fife inserted between his lips, hesitating, and peeping nervously through the foliage where his goddess stood, a rosy-cheeked vision in white, speeding the last arrow in the wake of the crashing but now invisible Manners.

When she sent the last feathered messenger of vengeance into the golden gloom of the trees, she stood for a moment rigid, erect, a statuesque and charming miracle, left arm outstretched clutching the bow, right arm drawn back, her slender white fingers, from which she had just loosed the bowstring, brushing the little close-set ear.

Then the snowy vision of dead ages slowly dissolved, and out of it emerged a very lovely and very modern young girl, graceful, relaxed, laughing now, now listening, the smile tremulous on lid and lip.

The distant racket of Manners' flight died away; again the silence filled with the low murmur of the stream, and the girl came forward and looked down into the water, and stood so, thoughtfully, her head bent, the curve of her neck dazzling under the bronze crown of silky hair.

Slim, distractingly pretty in her white tunic, which fell in close folds below her knees, she seemed absolutely without blemish there in the warm, green-gold glow of the leaves.

Head, shoulders, arms, the straight young limbs, all were of one exquisite and symmetrical ensemble, pure, serene, flawless as the marble out of which she might well have stepped, so Greek, so perfect, so divine she seemed.

Then the spell broke; from the white doeskin pouch at her side she slowly drew something flat and square, and pensively pressed it to her delicate red lips. It was a ham sandwich.

Except for that anachronistic intrusion of modern realism—the abrupt transformation from the celestial to the human—Gray understood that he would never have dared hope, or speak of hope to himself, much less to his divinity.

But the magic had faded into a more wonderful and delightful actuality; with a thrill he beheld his pagan goddess eating a sandwich—a wholesome, health-giving sandwich constructed of home-made bread and the rose-tinted residue of the domestic pig. From Olympia she had come fluttering down to the world, alighting daintily upon the same earth that he inhabited. And, if it pleased her divinity to set her small, white teeth in a ham sandwich, perhaps—perhaps, she might not drive a living specimen of the human kind from her with accurate arrows!

"First," he said to himself, "I'll naïvely discover my whereabouts through the music of my fife. Then I'll admit that I'm a fellow-victim of mythological obsession. And then—then we'll see ——"

And, grasping his fife with determination, and watching her askance through the leaves, he produced a loud, shrill toot.

The effect upon the goddess was electrical. For a second she sat absolutely motionless, stiffened to a statue, the half-bitten sandwich suspended in mid-air; then, as he blew hopefully into his fife, she sprang erect, incredulous, astounded.

Gurgling tooties continued to proceed from the fir thicket. Like a wild doe at gaze, she stared at the spot, seeing nothing. And all the while Gray, laboring faithfully, elicited from the fife his version of Rally Around the Flag, Boys, and kept a furtive eye on her, determined to seize his secreted suitcase and fly if his goddess approached him with arrows instead of curiosity and questions.

She was approaching now, on tip-toe, noiselessly, gracefully as a curious dryad, one finger classically raised and pressed flat across her lips.

"Just like a Greuze picture," thought Gray, captivated; but he continued to toot, and his goddess continued to advance over the moss with noiseless steps, bow in hand.

At length Gray realized with a delicious thrill that she stood close behind him looking down at him over the low evergreen hedge; and his fingers danced madly over the stops, and he puffed out his cheeks and blew his whole love-smitten soul into the fife, not knowing whether he was going to receive a blunt arrow in the neck, or a civil greeting.

"In about a minute," he thought to himself, "I'll turn carelessly around and become transfixed with wonder at seeing her there."

And in about a minute he did—and so naturally that the wonder and delight in his attractive face were too real to doubt, and really were absolutely genuine, so wholly beautiful was the engaging and youthful face gazing down at him over the hemlocks.

"What in the world are you doing in my woods?" she asked softly, the pretty astonishment in her face deepening.

He stood up, fife in hand, the goatskin falling classically over him from his shoulders.

"The stupidity of civilization bores me," he said, smiling. "I heard that you were sensible enough to revert to the old simplicity of the Golden Age, and you gave me the courage to be myself. So I came into these woods to listen to the stream and play on my fife—meaning no harm. Do you mind?"

"N-no, I don't mind. Who are you?"

"I am an artist, Stephen Gray."

"An artist!"

"Yes."

"Oh," she said, nodding her head, "I can understand artists doing anything. And I don't think I mind your coming into my woods. . . . You—you are dressed like a faun. Why?"

"I feel like one—sometimes," he said, unconsciously touching the tips of his ears as though to find out whether they had grown pointed and hairy.

"Do you? Do you really feel pagan at moments?"

"Very. Do you?"

"Every now and then I do—periodically," she admitted frankly. "And, when I do, I come out into my own fresh, sweet woods, and—and I behave like the mischief, I suppose—according to conventional ideas. . . . Do you know my name?"

"Diana," he said very gently, and with a faint accent of caress. For the gray eyes into which he looked were bewitching him, and her voice was stealing his senses from him, and the delicate lips, resting so sensitively upon one another, were most eloquent when dumb, calling him, calling to him in the oldest language in the world.

He, too, seemed to fascinate her with an innocent curiosity. She stepped through the aromatic evergreen barrier that separated them and confronted him with clear, direct gray eyes.

"Tell me," she said, "where did you hear about me?"

"In Lenox."

"Do you live there?"

"Near there."

"You have a studio?"

"Yes—a sort of one."

"And—and did you ever before see me?"

"Yes—often—ever since you were a child."

She was silent, gazing searchingly into his eyes. Then she laughed:

"I think I like you. Shall I sit down?"

She seated herself with the unconscious grace of a child; he stood a moment; then she looked up confidently, and he dropped beside her on the thick, green moss.

"Isn't it delicious to escape from the commonplace?" she asked frankly. "To escape from noise, and ugliness, and the vulgarity of ostentation into *this*? It is strange that the remedy never occurred to me until this spring. I was indolent, languid, mentally dissatisfied, and all I knew was that I was bored with the world in which I had not figured very long.

"Then suddenly it occurred to me that I had a right to escape. It was as though a voice had abruptly awakened me from the dull inertia of mere existence. A strong, wholesome, overwhelming desire for freedom seized me—the desire for untrammeled freedom of soul and body—the longing for the freedom that wild things have, to range the open unhindered; the determination to learn the meaning of liberty of mind in some soft sylvan fastness which the world had overlooked in its half-crazed crusade of destruction! . . . Does all this interest you?"

"Yes."

She looked up at him, smiled, and, balancing the gilded bow across her knees, went on thoughtfully:

"The world, whose life mission seems to consist in meddling with other people's privacy, held up its centipede arms in horror. Gossip started like fire in dry grass; reporters came poking impudent noses into my house and gardens; friends arrived in procession to remonstrate; busybodies even induced my servants to follow me. But I stopped that. And now, what do you suppose happened?"

"What?" asked Gray, wincing.

"Why, a perfectly horrid old doctor came after me into these woods and pretended he had made me do all this sort of thing! As though it were not of my own mind and of my own free will! And so I became vexed, and I was rude enough to shoot some of my arrows at him ——"

She broke into a bewitching ripple of laughter. "Oh," she said, "if you had only seen him run! I—I know it was horridly rude of me—unpardonable—but I was so—so indignant."

He was laughing, too; he tried not to, out of some instinct of loyalty to the unfortunate Manners, but the vision of Manners in headlong flight came suddenly before his eyes, and he leaned back against a beech tree and laughed and laughed till the woods rang with their gay duet.

"Oh," she said breathlessly, "you are perfectly delightful! You seem to understand—to be part of this free, unhampered, pagan life I am leading. I am so glad you came into it. Don't mind what I said about these woods being mine; they are as free to you as to me. Indeed, I love to see you in that shaggy goatskin cloak and sandals, stretched out on the moss like a laughing, mocking faun. It was the one touch needed."

He laughed, then a shadow of perplexity gathered on his brow.

"One thing," he said: "I—I think it's jolly good fun to live this way from time to time—far more fun than motoring or golfing or driving or polo—but—but I don't exactly see how you keep it up."

"Keep what up?" she asked, puzzled.

"The—ah—the whole business. H-how do you find anything to eat out here?"

She blushed. "I'll have to confess," she said, "that I've ordered my servants to leave the pantry window unlocked. And, in the moonlight, I go stealing down through the meadow when everybody is abed, and I climb into the pantry window and take everything I want." And, as he looked at her in blank amazement: "It's such fun," she pleaded. "I—I know it isn't very classical—a goddess climbing into a pantry window—but I tried so hard to live on berries and nuts and things, and the berries were unsatisfactory when they were not green, and the nuts were last year's and mouldy——"

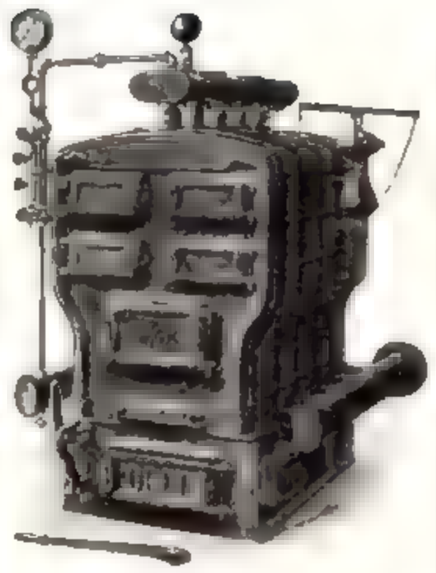
"Your bow and arrow," he hinted severely.

"Why—why, you didn't think I could ever have the cruelty to *kill* anything, did you?" she asked.

"Don't you chase the deer?"

"Oh, yes, I run after the big, fat things, and shoot my blunt arrows at them, but I never hit them, and it wouldn't hurt them if I did."

He raised himself from the moss and sat erect, cross-legged, and she did the same, confronting him.



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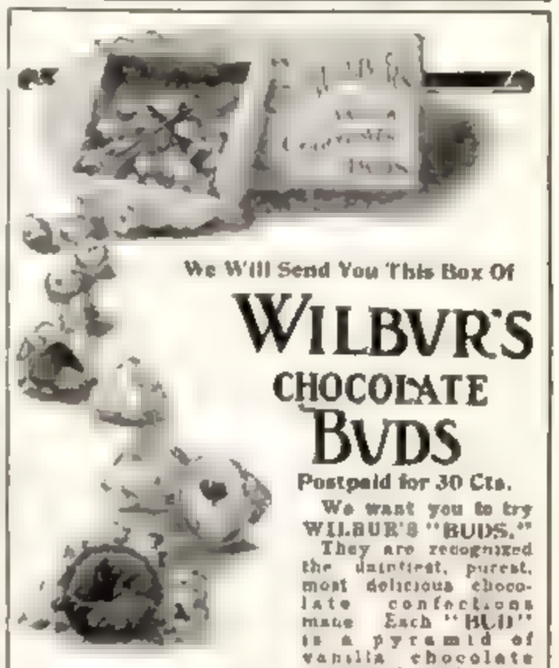

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"How often do you do this sort of thing?" he asked.

"What sort of thing?"

"Behave like a goddess!"

"About twice or three times a month," she said frankly.

"And the remainder of the time?"

"Oh, I go about—teas, lawn parties, driving—the usual, my shepherd friend. And I don't mind it now; in fact, I rather like it for a change. But it is always delicious to get back into my white hunting dress, and throw myself, wide-armed, into the heart of the woods. . . . Tell me about your pictures! May I see them some day?"

"They are not very good pictures," he said.

Her red mouth grew sensitive and pitiful. "*Don't* people care for your work?"

"No, I think not."

"Well, *I* do!" she exclaimed. "I know I'll like your pictures. I am perfectly sure I will. And I'll tell everybody *everybody* that they are good! And then they'll begin to sell ——"

"They're beginning to sell now," he said, wincing. "A friend of mine bought thirty the other day, and some other friends of mine heard of it and they have ordered several; and that means a scramble by the public for anything I do. I—it isn't fear of poverty that worries me any longer; it's—it's ——"

"What?" she asked, raising her gray eyes.

"Fear of—you!"

"Of *me!*" And her eyes were very sweet and friendly, and very wide with surprise.

"Listen," he said. "Is it true that here, in this woodland, you have found freedom of thought as well as of body?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Do you think I also might dare to rise above the petty artificiality of convention and feel my heart and soul enfranchised, here under the green trees of your forest?"

"Y-yes. Why not? You have been wise enough to come. Why should you feel fettered in thought, here beside me in the forest?"

"Because I came here here —" He faltered; she looked at him steadily.

"I am listening," she said. "Are you afraid to speak freely to me?"

"Yes. But I am going to. It is this: I I came here because you were here because, for years, since you were a child, I have seen you every summer here. And from the first I never, never forgot you."

She spoke coolly, but with heightened color: "I knew you by sight. I knew also that you had heard I was here. You told me. But you didn't come to see me; you came, moved by the same desire for that simple, pagan happiness that inspired me to come. . . . Didn't you?"

"No."

"Y-you didn't come out of—of mere curiosity!" she stammered, the painful color staining her face and neck. "You didn't do *that*—did you?"

"No."

"W-well, then—well, then ——" But her voice refused to obey her, and she sat there with beautiful eyes dilated, staring at him fascinated.

"Before I tell you once more and unmistakably why I came," he said gravely, "I must be absolutely honest with you concerning myself."

"Have you not been?"

"Partly. But I cannot endure that even the faintest shadow of evasion or deceit fall between us."

"No, it must not," she said calmly. "Tell me what there is to tell."

"This: that three months ago I was a commonplace, rather clever business man. My business was about the most degraded of any you ever heard of ——"

"I won't believe it!" she said, paling a trifle.

"You must. I—I—my business consisted in defacing city, suburb and country with signs ——"

"Oh!" she breathed, "don't—don't tell me ——" She stretched out both white arms as though to thrust away the dreadful knowledge; but he set his jaw and went on grimly:

"That was what I did; that is what I was. I abhor it; I look back on that life with a shudder. But, if I am to tell you what I have come into these woods to tell you, I must go on. . . . Shall I go on?"

The distress in her eyes almost unnerved him for the confession he must make; he could scarcely endure to paint himself in such sombre and hideous colors for her to see him as he was.

"Shall I go on?" he asked with an effort. "I came here to tell you something but I must first make clean confession if I am to say anything else. Shall I go on . . . Diana?"

"Y-yes," she breathed in a scarcely audible voice.

"Then listen. A man I knew, a friend, endowed with strange and capable powers of mental suggestion, seeing the sort of thing I was, took it upon himself to treat me for all those qualities I lacked."

"Yes," she whispered, "yes. Oh, go on!—Please go on!"

"That is all," he said slowly. "He did treat me, although I was not aware of it at the time. I began to loathe my business; I began to live only for art. My business went to smash; I couldn't sell my pictures. Now I see that I am to sell them; I see ahead of me success, affluence, happiness."

"Yes," she whispered, "I see it, too."

"It is for you to prophesy," he said, looking at her; "for you alone can decide."

"I?—Decide ——"

"Whether happiness is to be added to success and affluence."

"How—how could I decide?" She looked suddenly straight into his eyes, then sprang to her feet and walked to the brook's edge. And after a long while she seated herself on a moss-grown boulder, her elbow on her knee, soft, round chin cupped in her palm, staring absently across the stream.

He stood erect, watching his absent-minded goddess, his heart beating like a hammer. A wild idea that recourse to his fife might help matters was dismissed as hopeless, because all he could play was Rally Around the Flag, and a melliluously minor love song was what this crisis required.

"Diana!"

"Yes?" she responded absently.

"May—do you mind if I come over where you are?"

"N-no."

He walked across the moss and pebbled shore, and stood beside her, looking down at her.

"Diana?"

She raised her eyes without apparent interest.

"Do you despise me for what I once was?" he asked, his voice not under good control.

"No," she said indifferently.

"Then—then—as long as I have confessed, may I go on?"

"Was there more to say?" she asked coldly.

"Yes."

"To *me?*"

"Yes"

"Why to *me?*"

"Because I ——" Her sudden pallor checked him. She rose abruptly, stared around her like a person suddenly and unpleasantly awakened, then, without looking at him, she walked swiftly away into the forest, head lowered, the gilded bow swinging from one small hand.

And Gray hurried back to where he had hidden his valise, seized it, and started after her. But to his despair she had disappeared amid the trees—gone, vanished utterly; and, valise in hand, he began running distractedly about, and finally called to her in a low voice, then louder and persistently, his voice unsteady with the terror of losing her.

To and fro among the trees he hurried, up hillocks, down into moist, fragrant glades full of the late red sunshine of departing day, hastening blindly forward, yet, like those lost in forests, unconsciously drawn into the inevitable circle.

The sun had gone out in the woods; here and there a high-crested pine glowed ruddy against the sky; but soon the last rays faded from the top branches of the tallest forest giant, and the purple, transparent evening light fell over the world like a spell.

He had been lost for some time, and he knew it. And at last, just on the edge of evening, he came out in a tiny clearing where the brook ran through; and he saw her leaning there against a silver beech tree, looking silently at him.

He halted, scarcely believing his eyes; she neither spoke nor stirred, and after a moment he started toward her, calling her by name. But she made no reply.

He came up and stood before her; she did not move, nor did she answer when he spoke again; only her beautiful gray eyes watched him under the dark-fringed lids; only the rose color came tinting her face, faint as the afterglow above them in the sky.

"I had only one more thing to say," he stammered, "when you left me—so suddenly. I've looked for you such a long time—everywhere ——"

"I saw you," she said.

"You saw me—all the while? You heard me call you?"

"Yes. Why should I answer your call? Why should I follow you?"

"Not—not if you do not desire to," he said slowly

"One may answer without speaking," she said unsteadily. "I am here. Is that n-not my answer?"

And as he stood silent:

"Do you suppose you could ever have found me if I had not—not permitted it?"

He bent forward, striving to read her face in the dusk; her eyelids trembled slightly.

"Diana!"

"Yes," she whispered; and, as he faltered, tongue-tied and abashed:

"Time is rushing like the wind through legends," she murmured. "Can you stop it can you do anything for for us? This is all wrong—all wrong like the loves of the old-time gods—sweeping you and me together. . . . Let me cling to my tree while it lasts—while the whirl of the vision lasts ——"

"Diana—my darling!"

"I *could* have escaped," she whispered; "but—but I followed ——"

"Diana!"

"A goddess seldom follows a man. But—b-but when she does ——"

He bent swiftly and caught her hands in his; but she freed them and clung desperately to her tree.

"But when she *does*," she breathed unsteadily, "it is because she—she can't—help—it."

"Diana, Diana!" he whispered; "I have loved you so many years—so many years ——"

"And I you—years and years in a single hour—pagan—shameless pagan that I am! Oh, you don't know—you don't know—but I know I was made for this—fashioned for this swift wooing—this woodland embrace—here—breathless in your arms—my own symbol, the moon, above us. . . . This moment cannot last—this twilight madness—in your arms. Dearest, release me! Have I not told you I loved you? Have I not—oh-h!—not my lips—not yet!"

But he had his way, until at last it became her way also; and the moon watched them, silvering their bodies with her living celestial beauty.

"In a week," he insisted.

"A—a month," she pleaded tremulously. "I am dazed."

Arm encircling her slim waist, he halted on the hill's grassy crest.

"No, not even a week," he said. "To-morrow! Will you?"

"Dear!"

"To-morrow. *Will* you?"

"Y-yes," she sighed adorably. "I wish it, too. Oh, why—why must you go?"

"I—I'm not accustomed to this—ah—costume," looking down at his pink tights. "Fact is, my darling, that I'm a trifle cold ——"

"Oh," she cried, in alarm, "put on your hat at once!"

"It's a horribly inartistic combination—derby hat with what I'm wearing," he protested.

"Put it on!" she insisted; and he did. She must have been very deeply in love to have endured the ensemble.

For a while they lingered there in the moonlight, looking off over the valley. Her house stood down there among the trees; they could see one dimly lighted window.

"The pantry," she said softly. "Shall we climb in?"

"Do you think ——"

"Certainly!" she cried, enchanted. "It will be the most delicious supper in the world! Take hold of my hand, quick! Are you ready?"

"Ready," he said.

And away they raced together down the hill, he in his pink silk tights, clutching his suitcase, the derby hat crammed firmly over his ears.

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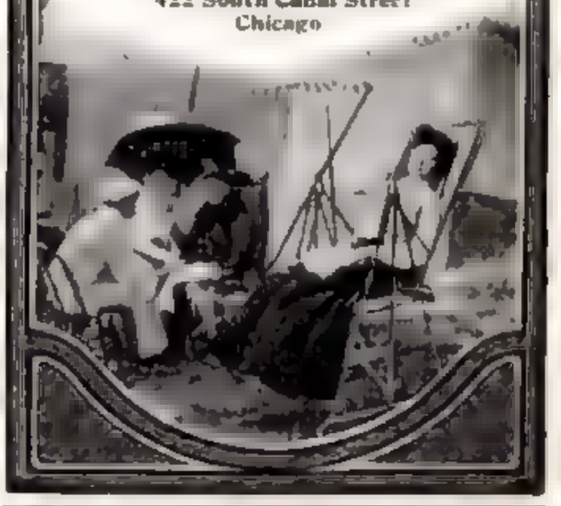

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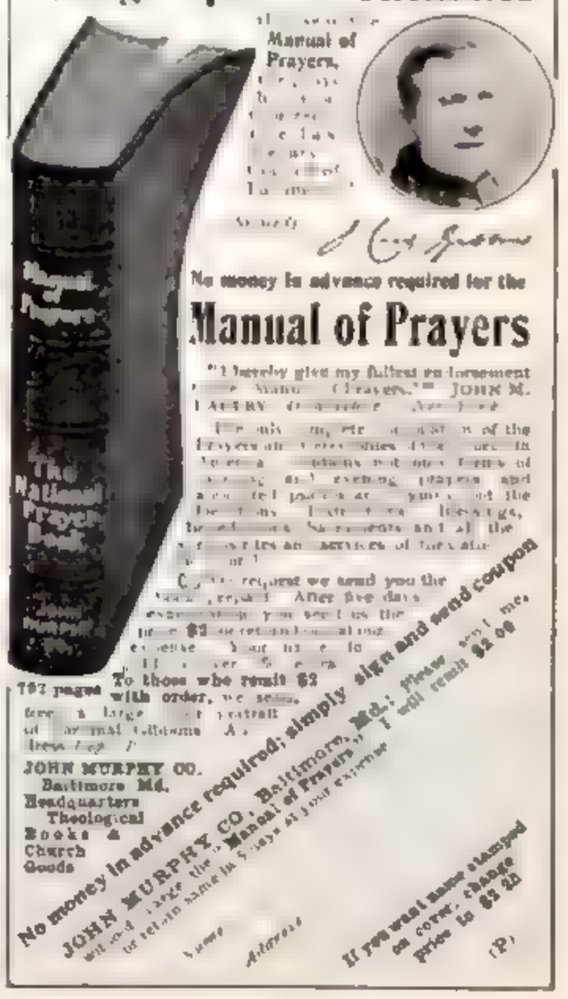

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Getting On in the World

Steps and Missteps on the Road to Fortune

Won Out on His Nerve

I WAS born and reared in the South, and fortunately moved into a good town of about twenty thousand people, in '94, when bicycles were the real thing. I started in this business, and made good until, in '99, in a little over four years, I had built up a nice business, from a small repair shop, carrying all the cash in my pocket, to a regular sales department store and a bank account. In '99 I had about seventy-five bicycles on hand and a full line of other things.

Then prices began to slide, and, in 1900, I was glad to break even.

I had always done too well in the town to be satisfied with a small salary and work for some one else, which was the only thing to do or leave town; so I went to a neighboring town, where there was a large cotton-gin manufacturing plant. There, instead of asking them for a job, I simply told them I was anxious to be familiar with their line, and would like to look through the plant. They gladly extended the courtesy, and the assistant manager went through with me, and he and I became very friendly. I invited him to lunch with me, and, in turn, was invited to make myself at home around the plant; which I did, and cultivated the acquaintance of the superintendent.

A few days later I was talking to the superintendent, when the assistant manager walked up and said: "Baker, I wish you were well enough posted on our work to superintend the erection on a job in Louisiana. We just received a telegram to send a man at once, and all of our men are out."

My meeker self was about to say, "I wish so, too," when my nervy self spoke up with as much composure as possible, and I said: "I can do it."

The superintendent said: "If Baker says he can, then Baker can."

The assistant manager looked at his watch and said: "All right. It is now four o'clock. Be ready to leave at six." And gave me an order on the cashier for expense money.

I thought they ought to have given me more instruction, but they didn't, and I was too ignorant of the details of the proposition to ask intelligent questions, and knew it would be detrimental to my cause to ask any other kind. So I started to the town of L——, in Louisiana, about two hundred miles away.

When I got there I found that Manley Brothers, the people who bought the machinery, owned the town, and either owned or leased all the land around the place. They owned a well-equipped commissary, a steamboat, a large cottonseed-oil mill and the ginning machinery which I had come to show them all about. The owners, their department managers, superintendent, overseers, and the men who worked for them were the only people who lived in L——. I was further chagrined to find that my company had sold only a part of the machinery, the balance having been bought from another company, thus making a combination plant in which the blueprints of my company were practically useless.

It seemed to me every soul in the village laid off to see how I was going to do it. The first thing I did, in order to gain time to locate a beginning point and get some conception of how the job was to stack up, was to begin deliberately to invoice each casting, pulley, shaft, and, in fact, everything, although the manager of the cotton-gin department for Manley Brothers assured me he had checked everything over and it was all there. So, by the time I was through, I had become familiar enough with some of the parts to call them by name. I also had learned that Mr. Simons had been the guiding star for Manley Brothers in placing the order for the outfit; that he knew all about it, and that the only reason he did not put it up was because he didn't have nerve enough to assume the responsibility. Nevertheless, he took great pleasure in going around, saying how he thought it ought to be done, and I took still more pleasure in hearing him say it.

All I had to do was to tell the workmen what he told me, and every one there but myself thought I was the head boss on the job. The fact that I agreed with Mr. Simons on everything convinced him I was a bright young fellow.

As soon as the job was done he O. K.'d it. Manley Brothers accepted it and paid for it, and every one was happy.

The company wired me to go at once to another Louisiana town. Altogether, I was away from the factory about two months, and when I got back knew all about the condenser, vacuum box, the brush, elevator, and other things connected with their line. They had paid all my expenses, and when they handed me a check for about $280 I felt better than I had for a long time.

The mental strain had been greater than any I have ever had before or since, for the same length of time, and, when I walked through the factory and saw four hundred men at work, some who had been with the company for ten years, and I knew that all of those who had ambition did not hope to accomplish more than I had done in two months, I could not help but think that whatever had been the chances of the meek man when Moses was in his prime, fortune favors the man with plenty of nerve to-day.

I stayed with the company for two years. In all they sent me out on eighteen jobs. The manager asked me one day how I always got such complimentary letters of acceptance. I told him I would not accept any other kind, and if the first was not satisfactory to me I insisted on it being written over.

The company was always good to me, and gave me an opportunity to learn lots of things. I worked several months in their pattern shop, and they sent me out to adjust several bad jobs that the customers had refused, and I never failed to get the money.

WHEN THE FLAG FALLS

(*Continued from Page 17*)

ring. If he's a friend o' yours, I pass. He's crooked an' he knows that I know he's crooked. If there's any doubt ——"

The girl arose suddenly with a quick, upward motion of her hand which checked Batty's words, stood for a moment, staring at him with defiance flashing in her eyes, then, turning without a word, left the box. Tears were trembling on her lashes.

III

THERE was a widespread belief in racing circles of the West that Don Pedro could outrun any horse that had appeared since the year of the Big Wind. Somebody out in 'Frisco took Don Pedro from between the shafts of a light delivery wagon and set him down on the race-track. Don Pedro took one look around at the other horses, then went away from there. Within a couple of weeks he had become a racing marvel. He won all sorts of races, from a five-furlong sprint to a heart-breaking mile and three-quarter grind. Then Don Pedro's field of operations was shifted from the far West to Chicago. There he went stale and lost half a dozen races one after the other. He was retired for a couple of months. At the end of that time he ran the legs off some other horses in work-outs and his name again appeared among the starters. He won three races of varying distances, and every time the boy came in sitting up straight, sawing at the bit. Then the racing men of Chicago unanimously agreed with their brethren farther West.

Don Pedro wasn't pretty to look at. He was a lumpy sort of a horse. His legs were long and sinewy, but they were thick; he was heavy-headed, with the droop of a draft-horse about the shoulders. In appearance he was precisely like a thousand other horses that were plodding their lives away between the shafts. But the fact remained that he had done things, and an idolizing West planned to load him into a car and start him to New York

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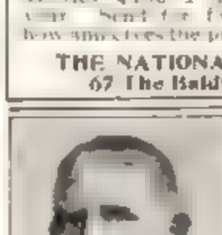

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belonged to the under world of the race-track; his reputation was malodorous in the extreme. There had been, at various times, rumors that he would be ruled off the turf. That these rumors didn't materialize was, perhaps, a compliment to his own eely, slippery diplomacy. So he lived on unmolested, and throve on trickery.

Reed outlined his inspiration to a companion in knavery, Frank Chester, who was tolerated at the track as Reed's trainer. Chester had just come from the West, whence came Reed himself to escape the vengeance of a Western racing association.

"Ches, did you ever happen to se that Don Pedro horse?" Reed began.

"Yep," replied the trainer.

"What does he look like?"

"Nothin'. So help me, he looks more like nothin' than any horse I ever see."

"Can he really run?"

"Can he really run?" Chester repeated. "He-sure-can-really-run!"

"Who is his owner? I mean, what is he?"

"He's a Dutch grocer out in 'Frisco—a human sauerkraut—Speigleheimer, or something like that."

"Know anything about horses?"

"Doesn't know a horse from a bale o' hay. You know, Don Pedro never has been trained—he just naturally runs. Sauerkraut does everything for him but ride him. Doesn't have a trainer or anything else. That's why Don Pedro went stale at Chicago—didn't have any attention."

Reed took several long pulls at his cigar, then leaned forward with his elbows on the table. His voice was lowered cautiously.

"Do you happen to know any horse here that looks at all like Don Pedro?" he inquired.

"Nope," replied Chester with conviction. "These horses here are race-horses—at least, they look like race-horses—and this Don Pedro looks like something you never saw in your life on a race-track. Why, Jim, if you'd take a dozen loose-lookin' nags out of their coal-wagons and corral them with Don Pedro you'd lose him sure. He looks just like all of 'em."

Reed tilted his chair back with a little glitter in his eyes and rubbed his hands together briskly.

"That's something like," he commented. "I guess you could go out and pick up a horse almost anywhere that would pass for Don Pedro?"

"Sure—blindfolded," was the confident reply. "I know every corner and curve on the phenom. I looked him over from hoofs to ears two or three times, trying to find out how it was he could run so fast. I didn't find out, but I know the horse better'n his owner does."

There was a long silence. Reed was staring in deep abstraction at the glow of his cigar. Chester was staring at Reed.

"That green filly of mine over in the stable's pretty good now," he remarked at last, irrelevantly.

"Dolly Q.?" asked Chester. "Bet your neck."

"She can beat anything in the Withers handicap."

"Except Don Pedro," Chester put in emphatically. "She's only got to take a hundred and five pounds, and she'll do the mile in thirty-nine. Don Pedro has got to take one hundred and twenty-nine, but he'll spread-eagle the field at that. I tell you, Jim, you never see a horse run till you see this Don Pedro."

Again Reed was thoughtful for a time.

"The Lee stables offered me ten thousand dollars for Dolly yesterday," he said. "They want to start her in the Withers, but they don't really know how good she is. No one knows that but you and I. I think I'll sell her to 'em."

"Sell her?" exclaimed Chester. "Why, you're crazy! If you count Don Pedro out, she's one of the best pieces of horseflesh I know. Why, I wouldn't sell her for fifty thousand, not if ——"

"Wait a minute," interrupted Reed sharply. "We'll admit that, while Dolly Q. has no chance to win over Don Pedro, she outclasses everything else in the race. It's a moral certainty that she'll run second, and it's also a moral certainty that we won't be able to get any place odds on her. But her odds to win will be big; therefore, if she *did* beat Don Pedro, there'd be some real money in it for whoever backed her."

Chester absorbed that while Reed sat gazing at him with steely eyes.

"You say, Ches, that Don Pedro looks like every other horse that isn't on the race-track. Suppose you jump out to Chicago and buy in four or five old plugs to match Don Pedro, and arrange to ship one that looks precisely like him at the same time he starts. Don't you see the possibility of getting them all together and losing Don Pedro, as you say? Wouldn't there be a chance of handing the Dutchman a lemon? If he doesn't know anything about horses, isn't there a chance to fool him with one of the others?"

Chester's eyes snapped with excitement.

"Jim, you're all to the mustard!" he exclaimed admiringly. "Sure I can do it!" He arose and paced up and down the room in exultation. "I can do it just like we did that stunt at Erie, and—sure I can do it," he repeated.

"Now, don't be too sure," Reed advised. "There's only a chance, of course; but it's worth the gamble. If you can do it, we ought to make a couple of hundred thousand out of it. If you can't, we can hang on to Dolly Q. and keep our mouths shut. You must wire me immediately whether or not you succeed. But don't *you* make any mistake about the horse; don't *you* get him tangled up with the others."

"I won't," Chester promised; "but, say ——" He gazed at Reed curiously. "What are we selling Dolly Q. at all for?"

"The stewards don't like me, anyway," Reed replied. "When I sell Dolly Q. on the eve of the race, it will mean to them that I have little hope for her, and it will help the odds, too, because the books are liable to see it the same way. Then, when the row comes, *if* it comes, we are safely out of it—we haven't even got a horse in the race. A straight tip, Ches," and Reed smiled cynically; "Dolly Q. will win."

The trainer started West that night. A couple of days later Reed received this telegram from Chicago:

> Don Pedro shipped East to-day.
> Advise you to sell Dolly Q.
>
> CHESTER.

IV

WHEN next I saw Batty Logan, on Withers handicap day, there was a placid, complacent satisfaction in his manner which was highly reassuring to a prospective investor.

"There's something diddin', Beau," he bubbled at sight of me. "A puddin'-heimer, if ever there was one. Ain't but one horse runnin' to-day, an' he can stop for meals at every furlong post, an' come in an' pick his teeth before the others start home. Did you ever make money from your own plates? Well, this one's got the counterfeit game skun a mile."

"Meaning—who?" I asked.

Batty leaned forward with a mysterious wink and whispered to me.

"Don Pedro!" he explained. "Sounds like a Spanish onion, don't he, eh? Well, he ain't. Friend o' mine, out in Chicago, wires that he done a workout in better'n thirty-nine on the mornin' before he was shipped; an'—an'—honest, Beau, they tell me old Limburger, his owner, has to take a club an' beat him in the face to keep him from runnin' right on off the earth. Remember The Gray Ghost? Well, he's a has-been!"

This satisfied me. My modest little bet seemed well assured.

"What are the odds?" I inquired.

"Any odds is good odds," replied Batty confidently. "You can get one to three now, but I'm just bug enough to think that, after Don Pedro warms up, they'll be better'n that, because he won't get none of the foolish money—not after they get a look at him. I see him this mornin' in his stall, an', honest, Beau, it is to laugh. When he comes out here he'll get the giggle all along the line. The wise Willies will all pile on Dolly Q. or something else, and maybe we can get one to two—one thou' cold plunks to two thou' cold plunks."

"And how much are you going to put on?" I asked warily.

"I'm ashamed to tell you, Beau," and Batty grinned cheerfully. "Remember that time when I hadn't et in so long me stomach thought me throat was cut? When I was chasin' the festive bean an' didn't believe there was ever such a thing as a ham in the wide, wide world? When I couldn't have looked a sinker in the face without faintin'? Oh, me! Oh, my! Oh, mamma! But this is a plunge, Beau. If I get as good as one to two, me on for twenty thou', an' then it's stealin'."

"Twenty thousand?" I fairly gasped. "Twenty thousand?"

"Sounds like it's me for the wheel-house, don't it?" Batty asked. "And on the

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level, Beau, I can squeeze a dollar bill till the eagle on it says 'Mamma'—I'm the only an' original T. Wad—but I don't mind leapin' on with all two feet when I see a cincherino. You just follow your Uncle Fuller, an'——" So we chatted on.

"By the way," I ventured after a time, "have you seen Miss—Miss Gertie?"

Batty glanced at me quickly.

"Yep," he answered tersely. "What's it to you?"

"Nothing," I hastened to explain. I felt that I had trodden on forbidden ground. "I merely wished to express my hope that your little misunderstanding had been adjusted."

"Ain't nothin' doin', Beau," Batty responded grimly. "As long as she stands for Jim Reed, it's all off. If he was just a plain second-story man, I wouldn't holler. But Jim Reed! 'Wow! Wow!' said the fox!"

The first and second races had been run. Batty and I were passing the grandstand just before the third, when I glanced up and caught the girl's eye. She looked away quickly without a sign of recognition; her face was crimson.

"She's up there now," I told Batty casually.

He glanced neither toward her nor me.

"I know it," he said.

It is given to no man to read the soul of his fellow. I had imagined that, all things considered, Batty would have remained as far away from the box as possible; yet, imperceptibly and with ostentatious lack of design, he led me now to that point where we had stood on the day he made himself acquainted with the girl. With studied care he evaded her eyes as she evaded his. Thus the three of us silently witnessed the running of the third race.

"Now, Beau, we are down to nuts an' coffee," Batty remarked, when the official red card went up. "Don Pedro for us—a plunge—an' go as far as you like."

His tone was such that the girl must have heard; perhaps it was intended, even, as a hint to her—I don't know. But he didn't look back, nor did I, and, after a minute, we were absorbed in the whirl and swirl of the betting ring. Don Pedro was then one to three; soon he appeared on the track for a warm-up. Instantly there came a rush of money on Dolly Q., who was three to one and out. Don Pedro dropped to one to two and Batty took these odds—ten thousand dollars to his twenty! He did it without the quiver of an eyelash, whereupon I marveled.

He had just negotiated the last installment of the bet when a dapper betting commissioner from the grandstand swooped down upon us.

"Hello, Bat!" was his greeting. "A goil upstairs told me to give you this, sure! I guess she ain't somebody's apple dumplin'? Huh?"

He thrust a note into Batty's hand, was rewarded by a savage glare, then was swallowed up in the vortex about the bookmakers. Batty turned and looked at me with a certain relieved, quizzical expression about his mouth.

"I guess Gert woke up, eh?" he said.

He opened the note gingerly, stared at it a moment, then passed it to me. Hurriedly scrawled in pencil was this:

Don Pedro can't win. *I know.*
Protect yourself.

I glanced again at Batty; and, for the first time in my life, I realized that this child of the race-track was a man. It had never occurred to me before, and I had known him a dozen years. He smiled a little sadly, deliberately tore the note into small bits and scattered it on the ground.

"'Come on, Beau," he suggested. "Let's go see what's doin'."

Naturally we gravitated to our place in front of the box. As we approached, the girl leaned forward with heightened color and anxious face. Batty stared at her insolently, straight in the eyes, and turned his back. Then came the cry of the bugle, the flaunting of colors as the horses passed and galloped off to the start for the mile. Don Pedro shuffled along behind.

From flagfall to finish Don Pedro was a joke. Batty saw it instantly—it was twenty thousand dollars tossed into the fire. There was a flash of surprise in his face, then bewilderment and anger. Dolly Q. won by half a dozen lengths; a furlong back Don Pedro wobbled along in majestic solitude. I looked at Don Pedro, then at Batty. He grinned with the irrepressible optimism which made him Batty Logan.

"Well, if we ain't a pair o' come-ons," he declared. "All we need is some spinach on our chins. Twenty thou'! Oh, me gran'mother! Wake me quick, Beau; wake me quick!"

I was still staring at him in speechless amazement and chagrin when I became conscious of the fact that the girl was calling Batty. He looked at her, then obeyed her beckoning finger. She leaned forward from the box and excitedly whispered something to him. He gazed at her incredulously; then she said something else. Turning quickly, Batty scuttled off through the crowd with an expression on his face the like of which I had never seen before. I followed as a matter of course.

When Batty burst in on the stewards I was only a dozen feet behind him. Those solemn gentlemen looked up in austere reproof at the unceremonious intrusion.

"That wasn't Don Pedro in that race!" Batty declared explosively. "It's some old plug from Chicago; he's a ringer."

The stewards looked from one to another, then at Batty. My own attention was concentrated on him, too, because the statement was as much of a surprise to me as to them.

"Not Don Pedro?" repeated one of the stewards. "How do you know?"

"That's my business," said Batty vehemently. "That skate ain't Don Pedro—I know that. It don't matter how I know it. You all know me, an' you all know the five years I jocked here, an' the thirteen years I been around, an' no man never opened his face to holler about nothin' I did. Now *I'm* hollerin'. I was twenty thou' on Don Pedro, an' it's up to somebody to show me I lost it."

"But where did you get your information?" the steward insisted impatiently.

"Of course, I'll tell you that—I do not think!" said Batty scornfully. "Suppose you send for old Limburger, the owner, an' the jock an' a few other folks, an' find out for yourself."

Two minutes later Batty and I were outside. The grandstand was waiting impatiently for the judges' red card, while there was a mighty scurrying around of owners, trainers and jockeys in the vicinity of the judges' stand. At the end of ten minutes a megaphone announcement was made:

"All bets off on the handicap!"

Batty breathed a deep sigh of relief, and we started on through the surging, buzzing, chattering crowd toward the box where the girl sat. Suddenly Batty stopped and turned on me.

"Beau, she's a queen!" he volunteered flatly. "I'm goin' right up there with me hat in me hand an' bump me head on the floor till she makes me stop."

"What is it all, anyway?" I asked in perplexity. "What did she do?"

"Don't you see?" he demanded. "She was wise there was a 'ringer,' an' that's what she meant when she sent me the note. Wise me—B. Solomon Logan—couldn't see it! Then, rather'n let me lose she coughs up about the 'ringer,' an' I makes the scream to the stewards. All bets off! I get me twenty thou' back, you get your pike, an' nobody loses nothin'—not even the people who played the game."

I stood staring at him for a moment, and gradually comprehension came to me.

"But how did she know there was a 'ringer'?" I inquired.

"Jim Reed," said Batty shortly, and his teeth closed fiercely. "It's piastres to peanuts he had somethin' to do with it, but——"

Batty prevailed upon me to accompany him to the box and witness his abasement. The girl received us haughtily, but there was a spark of triumph in her eyes.

"Gert, I'm a shine!" Batty began valiantly. "A nix, a dent, a hole in a pretzel, a—a——"

Some one entered the box behind him and he glanced around. It was Jim Reed. For one instant the two men stared at each other; then I saw Batty shut his teeth and close his hands. The girl arose with quick apprehension in her face.

"Mr. Logan," she said evenly, "this is Mr. James Reed—my father! Father, this is Batty Logan!"

Batty's hands loosened and he drew a long, deep breath.

"Hello, Jim!" he said.

I invited Reed down to have a cigar, and we went, leaving them together.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of stories by Mr. Futrelle relating the adventures of Batty Logan.

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